

MONA LISA

by

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1 EXT. BRONX - CLOSE UP - SIMONE'S FACE - DAY (1994) 1

A thirteen year-old girl, SIMONE, is in full flight, running fast as she can and not looking back.

2 INT. BRONX PIZZA PARLOR - CONTINUOUS 2

Simone hurries into the store, looking panicked. It's a standard ghetto set-up with scratched-up, bullet-proof Plexiglas between the customers and the cash register, the chef indistinct behind the thick glass. The place is empty except for a young, handsome black MAN in the corner talking on a pay-phone. This is ANDERSON.

Simone takes off her glasses and cries.

When she puts her glasses back on she sees that the boys who'd been chasing her didn't go far; they wait just outside the shop, messing with their pagers and pretending to be hanging out, not moving from in front of the store.

Anderson hangs up the phone. Simone walks over and puts a quarter in, and the quarter dropping in the box rings out like a heavy door slamming in...

3 INT. CLINTON CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DANDEMORA, NY - DAY 3

GEORGE, 18, with an earring in his ear, is stripped of his outfit, a hip suit of the period..

4 INT. CLINTON - EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON GEORGE - CONTINUOUS 4

He writes his name "GEORGE RENATA" on the dotted line, which makes it official... and he's escorted by guards into the belly of the prison.

5 INT. CLINTON - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS 5

George tries to look tough while he's herded through the maze of doors which make up the penitentiary. The inmates gather at the bars of their cells and stare.

6 INT. CLINTON - GEORGE'S CELL - CONTINUOUS 6

George is slammed away into his dank five-by-eight cell and is greeted by his new CELLMATE. The older con's all muscled up from being inside, but other than that seems like a nice enough guy, glad-handing George and offering him a pack of cigarettes.

CELLMATE

Want the top bunk? It's yours.

GEORGE

Thanks.

A phone's BUSY SIGNAL is heard over the scene.

7 INT. BRONX PIZZA PARLOR - DAY 7

Simone hangs up the phone as Anderson comes over with a slice of pizza and gives it to her. Simone brightens up a little with his attention.

SIMONE

Thanks.

ANDERSON

Those kids bothering you?

8 EXT. BRONX PIZZA PARLOR - CONTINUOUS 8

The boys watch as Simone leaves the store in the company of Anderson, who flashes them a gold smile and calmly shows them the pistol he has hidden under his clothes. They take off.

Anderson opens the door on a blacked-out Mercedes and helps Simone in the car.

9 INT. DOLCE AND GABBANA STORE - LATER 9

Simone is in heaven, trying on clothes in the mirror. Anderson studies her shape and chooses her outfits, while the clerks step and fetch hastily.

10 INT. MERCEDES - SUNSET 10

Anderson takes a "ROSE UNDER GLASS" out of his pocket, the type you find in convenience stores next to the cash register in crack neighborhoods.

Anderson expertly breaks the glass at the provided notch, takes the plastic rose out and hands it to Simone. She watches as he takes the glass vial that held the plastic rose and puts some crack in it.

He lights the bulb of the vial with the blue flame of a butane torch lighter, coaxing smoke from it, which he sucks at greedily before offering the pipe over.

Simone takes timid pull off the glass pipe, then another as Anderson stokes it up with his blue flame.

And as Simone takes the first drag, her eyes roll back in her head...

BLACKOUT.

11 INT. CLINTON - PRISON CELL - NIGHT 11

It's LIGHTS OUT. George takes a smoke out of the pack his cellmate had given him.

GEORGE

Got a light?

His cellmate lights it for him like you might light a cigarette for a lady. He then shows George a stack of porn magazines in the light broken by the cell bars.

INT. CLINTON - PRISON CELL - LATER

George's cellmate sits and looks at his porn while George smokes. The older con holds up a picture which reads "BARELY LEGAL". It's a young girl spread eagled on a lawn chair with a surprised and frightened look on her face.

INT. CRACK MOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

Simone sits on the bed in that same "Barely Legal" porn pose, in the glare of a street light which spills through the door into the crack motel room.

Anderson slams the hotel room door closed, and Simone stays burned on your eye in afterimage.

INT. CLINTON - PRISON CELL - NIGHT

George's cellmate, restless with the new company, is showing George some more of his porn collection.

The images in "Barely Legal" mag are of a young girl in various states of submission, pretending to be tied up.

George laughs it off at first, but it's good porn, and it does it's job on George, whose arousal doesn't go unnoticed by the cellmate, who gropes George without hesitation. He does it real buddy-buddy like, with a big smile on his face.

George, being new to the joint and not sure what to do, tries to play it off, shoving at the guy like "get outta here", which the cellmate interprets as "let's wrestle". He grabs both of George's wrists in one hand and wrenches him this way and that. Laughing at first, George struggles against the bigger man's grip, but the older con switches his stance so that he has leverage, and he grabs George so that he can't work himself free no matter which way he turns.

Then his cellmate locks George's arm up, and soon the fake laughter is gone and George starts struggling in earnest, kicking up against the wall, trying desperately to work free. The older con whispers sweet nothings in George's ear while he overpowers him.

Then, as if from nowhere, the older con puts a single-edged safety razor up against George's throat and George stops struggling.

The older con coos lovingly in George's ear as he rapes him. George is forced to lay as impassively as he can with the razor cutting his neck just a little.

15	EXT. CLINTON - PRISON YARD - DAY	15
	George limps back and forth by himself, lost in thought. Other inmates try to talk to him but he shrugs them off. One hands him a lewd picture drawn in a crude hand.	
16	INT. CRACK MOTEL - NIGHT	16
	Simone is handcuffed with her arms around the toilet. Anderson looms above her yelling so hard that the veins on his head stand out. Simone struggles at her cuffs, but it does no good.	
	Anderson's ferocity calms as he holds a coat hanger twisted into a crude "A", which he's heated with his torch lighter until it glows yellow and spits little sparks.	
17	INT. CLINTON - PRISON CELL - EVENING	17
	George and his cellmate seem to be happy in their little cell. The cellmate lies on the bottom bunk and reads more porn, mouthing the words to himself.	
	George takes a electric heat coil, dunks it in a mug and plugs it into the outlet.	
18	INT. CLINTON - CLOSEUP - HEAT COIL IN THE MUG	18
	Tiny bubbles gather up on the metal of the hot point and waft up to the surface of the water.	
19	INT. CRACK MOTEL - SIMONE'S POV - NIGHT	19
	The glowing "A" brand held in front of Anderson allows us a glimpse into his face: a small, well-groomed moustache, some gold around his neck, diamond earrings which catch the light. His eyes are as dead and dismal as slate.	
	Simone struggles at the cuffs until Anderson calmly leans over her and lays the glowing orange metal to the skin on her ass.	
20	INT. CRACK MOTEL - EXTREME CLOSEUP - CONTINUOUS	20
	The sizzle of the super heated hanger as it fries her skin...	
21	EXT. CRACK MOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS	21
	The pain of getting branded makes Simone heave against her handcuffs with such force that she manages to pull free of them by stripping most of the skin from her thumbs.	

22 INT. CLINTON - EXTREME CLOSEUP ON THE HOTPOINT 22

The bubbles on the heat coil dunked in George's mug waft up faster and faster, getting bigger, until the water is boiling.

23 INT. CLINTON - PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS 23

George turns around with a cup and pours the boiling water right on his cellmate's face. The older con bucks on his bed, screaming his head off.

24 INT. CRACK MOTEL - NIGHT 24

The first thing Simone does once she pulls free of her manacles is to grab up one of her new Dolce and Gabbana stiletto heels and plant the sharp part right in sweet spot at the top of Anderson's head.

Simone watches as Anderson stumbles trying to pick the heel out from the top of his head.

Keeping an eye on him as he struggles to wipe the blood out of his eyes, Simone takes his keys and money before she hits the door.

Anderson struggles to his feet and sees himself in the mirror with a high-heel shoe sticking out of the top of his head, blood gushing out of it.

SHAME

25 EXT. GRAND ARMY PLAZA - DAWN (2006) 25

A subtitle reads: "Twelve Years Later".

A grey bus with wire mesh over the windows pulls up to Grand Army Plaza in Queens, and lets out its air brakes.

26 EXT. PRISON BUS - GRAND ARMY PLAZA - CONTINUOUS 26

A padlock on the bus door is undone by an armed guard, who pulls a lever which opens the doors.

Men file from the bus out into the morning chill. Some of them run to impromptu sidewalk reunions, which disperse for better places quickly as the hugs are done.

Other men, like George, get off the bus alone. He shrugs in his outdated suit and stalks away as fast as he can.

After he gets some distance from the bus he pulls at his lip and removes something shiny he's tucked away in his mouth between his cheek and gum...

27 EXT. GRAND ARMY PLAZA - CLOSE UP - RAZOR BLADE IN THE 27
GUTTER - CONTINUOUS

George's one-sided blade rings in the gutter and is soon followed by another razor blade tossed from the guy behind him.

28 EXT. GRAND ARMY PLAZA - DAWN

The men coming off the bus head toward liquor stores and to the crack dealers and whores who work the Plaza everyday for freshly released prisoners.

CRACK WHORE
Bet you ain't seen none of this
for awhile...

The crack whore pulls her skirt up so he can see her pussy. George trudges on.

CRACK WHORE (CONT'D)
... what, you scared?

A SIREN goes off suddenly -- just a car alarm -- but George breaks into a run. He rounds the first block and crosses the street.

29 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Another corner, another street, and he's running out of breath, so he slows to a fast walk, jaywalking, dodging cars. He stops and looks around.

Sure that nobody followed him and that nobody knows that he just came off the jail bus, he allows himself to heave his first really free breath.

He straightens up, smooths his clothes and tries to blend in with the lockstep of morning foot traffic.

30 EXT. GREENPOINT - KOSCIUSKO BRIDGE - MORNING

George crosses the low bridge into Greenpoint as the traffic thickens with the morning rush.

On the way over, George stops and hangs on the rusty fence and watches the cars jam up at the entrance of the Queensborough tunnel.

A COMMERCIAL AIRLINER plane comes in low, heading to Kennedy.

31 INT. GREENPOINT - CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

George buys some flowers at the convenience store. As he waits for change, he notices Polaroid snapshots of all the shoplifters they've caught at that store, some of them old, some of them just kids.

31 INT. GREENPOINT - CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING 31

George buys some flowers at the convenience store. As he waits for change, he notices Polaroid snapshots of all the shoplifters they've caught at that store, some of them old, some of them just kids.

In each photo the attempted thief holds the stolen item under his or her face and looks guiltily from the wall for all the world to see.

"WALL OF SHAME" is scrawled in magic marker just over the display and under that, "Persecuted to full extent of law".

32

EXT. GREENPOINT - GEORGE'S BLOCK - MORNING

32

George walks down his block and squints up at a set of windows.

33

EXT. GREENPOINT - GEORGE'S BUILDING - MORNING

33

George tries his keys but they don't work. He leans on the buzzer and, assuming it's out, goes into the street and calls up to the third floor.

34

EXT. GREENPOINT - GEORGE'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

34

George's daughter, SHELLEY, 13, comes to the window and looks down. She opens the window and looks down, still brushing her hair frantically to get ready for school. George waves the meager flowers at her.

SHELLEY

We don't want any.

GEORGE

What?

SHELLY

No hablar English.

GEORGE

Shelley? Hey, it's me!

George's daughter is soon elbowed out of the way by George's wife DAWN, a sallow woman who lost her lustre a couple of years ago chain-smoking cigarettes in front of the television. She seems infinitely weary of the world and is nonplussed at the sight of George fresh out prison after all these years.

DAWN

I heard you buzzin', George.
What do you want?

GEORGE

I'm out.

DAWN

What's that got to do with me?

GEORGE

I dunno. Maybe we can talk?

She lights a cigarette.

DAWN

Why? It's like... if I say what I mean, then I'm wasting my time with you.

GEORGE

Just came by to say "hello". See the kid, see Shelley.

DAWN

I told you don't come around her or me.

She ashes her cigarette at him.

DAWN (CONT'D)

I call a cop and you can go right back in where you come from.

GEORGE

Come on Dawn, is this any way to --

DAWN

I'm calling right now.
(voice off)
Hey, Harold!

As she turns away, Shelley pokes her head out another window.

SHELLEY

Dad?

Dawn gets there and shuts the window, but Shelley fights her way back to it. Dawn is pushing her back from the sight of George as if he were an atrocity.

A great squabble is raised and continues until HAROLD appears at the window.

HAROLD

You must be George.

GEORGE

Yeah.

Harold heaves a sigh.

HAROLD

Things have changed.

GEORGE

Yeah.

The window shuts resolutely. George spikes the flowers on the ground.

THOMAS (O.S.)

George?

George turns to see a familiar face looking down at him from the fourth story on the other side of the street. This is his old friend THOMAS.

GEORGE

How's it going Tommy?

THOMAS

It's all right.

But Tommy's face says maybe it wasn't so all right really, like maybe he was asleep and the commotion outside woke him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I'll be right down.

As George gazes around his old block, soon Thomas comes outside pulling on a T-shirt which reads "SHUT UP AND FISH".

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Come on, George. Let me buy you some breakfast.

George stays rooted to his spot like a man who wants to fight.

GEORGE

There's some guy in the house with my daughter!

THOMAS

Hoo de hoo. Walk and talk.

This is a code word for the "cops". Thomas grabs his arm, and George spins and walks like a con again, his head down, moving quickly so no one can see his face. They start walking together down toward the water.

GEORGE

(scandalized)

A cop?

THOMAS

Yeah. Cops prey on single mothers.

GEORGE

Must be a list somewhere.

THOMAS

It's the uniform. Uniforms are key, George. My UPS guy says he has to fight them off with a stick.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(pause)

At least he ain't black.

They walk in silence for second.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Other than that... how was the homecoming?

GEORGE

Shelley didn't know me.

THOMAS

Well, you got to cut her some slack on that one. You've been gone for a minute. Since...

GEORGE

Since the summer laser pointers came out.

THOMAS

Yeah. A very bad year.

EXT. GREENPOINT - THOMAS' SUZUKI REPAIR GARAGE - DAY

The garage is a ramshackle affair with a fence around it, tall grass growing in the lot, and a hundred Japanese motorcycles lined up behind it, rusting away in the weeds.

A squad of HIPSTER kids wearing tight clothes lounge around an old Norton motorcycle outside the fence in front of the shop.

Thomas nods to the hipsters.

THOMAS

Be out in a minute.

He works keys in several locks until he's able to get into a metal door marked with a hundred stickers for motorcycle parts.

INT. THOMAS'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Thomas turns on a neon Budweiser light which illuminates the shop. A note on the door reads: "ANYONE FOUND HERE AT NIGHT WILL BE FOUND HERE IN THE MORNING", and below a "BEWARE OF DOG S" with a magic marker S added on as an afterthought.

The inside of the garage is crowded with various broken down motorcycles and a pair of pitbulls, GERTIE and CHUMP. In the back of the large space is a make-shift living area with a stove, fridge a couple of single beds and a TV. The dogs snarl and bark as the men enter.

THOMAS

Gertie, Chump... I'd like you to meet George. Gertie is nice and Chump is mean. It'll take them a while to get used to you.

The dogs strain at the end of their chains and foam at the mouth.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Chump, the one with the balls is the mean one. That's how I always remember.

GEORGE

Who has time to look for his balls when they're foaming at the mouth like that?

THOMAS

That's the idea, George.

GEORGE

I fucking hate pitbulls.

Thomas puts his hand out and one of the dogs snaps at it while the other tries to lick him.

Thomas wades into the snarling dogs and pulls Gertie aside, revealing a box full of red pitbull puppies mewling away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Cute.

Thomas sweeps beer bottles into the garbage can as George kicks at a half-assembled motorcycle.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Rice burners?

THOMAS

There's a lot of money in pretending to fix these things.

GEORGE

Pretending?

THOMAS

(whispering)
Nobody can really fix a motorcycle, George.

The garage door opens and lets in the morning light. The hipsters wheel their broken down motorcycle in.

Thomas does a perfunctory check of their Norton, jamming at the kick start a couple of times until he comes up with his diagnosis.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Yeah... you need a new bike,
man.

Thomas walks him over to show him a bike against the wall.

HIPSTER

What you talking about? I just
bought this bike.

THOMAS

English bikes are for shit. If
you want a steady starter you
get a Japanese bike, like this
Kawasaki here.

He kicks at a Kawasaki and it starts right up, and the first Hipster shakes his head.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What about you, kid? You look
like a rider. Start you out with
this 750 here... let me tell you
something-

(he leans in close)

You put a girl on this and take
her for a ride, she'll be ready.

KID

Let me think about it.

The kids wander off.

THOMAS

(to George)

He'll be back after he calls
daddy and ask him for the money.

George champs the throttle on a old BMW.

GEORGE

Give me a deal on one of these?

Thomas pulls him aside, walking him through the remains of hundreds of cannibalized motorcycles.

THOMAS

For you? Never, George.
Motorcycles are for idiots.
Doesn't matter how good you are
on one, some bitch in an SUV on
the cellphone with a french fry
in her eye will run you over.
No George, for you we have...

Thomas strips a tarp from an authentic Checker Cab.

GEORGE

George goes up to his old car, riding his palm along the hood and up to the roof, feeling the smooth yellow lacquer.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You kept it? I was scared to ask.

THOMAS

Don't be scared to ask me for anything, George.

GEORGE

Thanks, Tommy.

THOMAS

No, thank you.

George knocks on the light on top of the Checker for a moment, then bangs on the roof.

37

INT. CHECKER CAB - CONTINUOUS

37

George gets behind the wheel and fondles the leather.

THOMAS

You could make a mint selling this thing.

George then gets in the back and stretches out on the back seat.

GEORGE

I could just about live in here, huh?

THOMAS

No need for that, man... make yourself at home here. Long as you like. Good to have somebody around to watch the bikes and all.

GEORGE

Thanks, Tommy. I won't be here long.

George sheds his jacket, revealing a BROOKLYN ZOO tattoo on his forearm in gothic script.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Let's take a ride.

38

INT. CHECKER CAB - MOVING - DAY

38

George pushes a tape in the player as he pulls the car out of Thomas's compound and drives down the street.

THOMAS

GEORGE

We'll see.

They stop at the corner and watch a squad of JAPANESE KIDS with afros and green hair go by.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What kind of a job can you get with your hair like that?

THOMAS

Job? These kids is all trustafarian millionaires.

GEORGE

What they doing out here?

THOMAS

Slumming it, is what it's called, I think... neighborhood is *hip* now George.

GEORGE

Hippies?

THOMAS

Hipsters.

GEORGE

Yeah, but what about the killers and the muggers and shit?

THOMAS

Gone.

GEORGE

No way.

The morning sun hits George right in the eye so he puts his visor down. A small .25 revolver falls out into George's lap. He folds the gun back in the visor and squints into the sun.

THOMAS

And don't go drinking a beer on the street or writing on the walls either, or you'll catch a ticket.

GEORGE

Really?

THOMAS

I got one for pissing in a rainstorm... it's what they call progress, George.

George surveys the neighborhood.

GEORGE

Progress is okay, but it's gone
on long enough.

39

EXT. NEW BRIDGE TRAVEL AGENCY - BROOKLYN - DAY

39

The Cab pulls up in front of a storefront marked "NEW
BRIDGE TRAVEL AGENCY" .

40

INT. CHECKER CAB - CONTINUOUS

40

Thomas and George looks at the place from the cab's
front seat.

THOMAS

What do you think is going to
happen if you go in there?

GEORGE

I get some get back, Tommy.

Thomas tries to tell George straight.

THOMAS

Don't go around those guys.

GEORGE

What are they into now?

THOMAS

I don't know about them anymore,
George.

GEORGE

So you aren't coming in?

THOMAS

I don't want to get affiliated.
It's easier to stay out than get
out, know what I mean?

GEORGE

No.

George gets out of the car.

THOMAS

You should quit while you are
ahead.

GEORGE

I'm not ahead.

THOMAS

Then just quit.

GEORGE

How am I going to quit? I'm on
vacation now. There's rules to

George shuts the cab door leaving Thomas talking to himself.

THOMAS

That's what you always think...

Thomas watches George walk into the storefront

41

INT. NEW BRIDGE TRAVEL AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

41

GETAWAY! Says the poster at the door, then the same poster in Russian, Spanish and Thai -- pictures of exotic women in the sun beside an impossible blue lagoon. The walls are festooned with posters of various locales ranging from Fiji all the way down to a faded old one for Niagara Falls.

42

INT. NEW BRIDGE TRAVEL AGENCY - DUDLEY'S OFFICE-
CONTINUOUS

42

Dudley stands in his office pushing a button over and over again on his computer, smoking a cigarette. Each time he pushes the button the computer beeps, but Dudley keeps hitting it over and over, and swearing quietly at the thing.

GEORGE

Dudley.

Dudley glances up from the computer.

DUDLEY

Georgie porgie, puddin' and pie.
What up, kid?

GEORGE

Where's Mortlock?

DUDLEY

Away.

GEORGE

Away where?

DUDLEY

Hamptons.

GEORGE

Must be nice.

DUDLEY

Ain't nothing nice.

GEORGE

What are you guys into these days?

DUDLEY

Travel. Like the sign says.

GEORGE
Yeah, well... tell Mortlock I'm
back.

DUDLEY
Yeah.

George turns and clears

EXT. NEW BRIDGE TRAVEL AGENCY - MOMENTS LATER

Dudley yells after George, who is bulling out through
the doors of The New Bridge Travel Agency.

DUDLEY
Hold up, George.

George stops and lets Dudley catch up to him.

DUDLEY (CONT'D)
How long you been out?

GEORGE
All fucking day.

DUDLEY
Here, let me lace you with one
of these.

Dudley hands him a cell phone.

DUDLEY (CONT'D)
We'll be in touch.

GEORGE
When?

DUDLEY
Soon.

GEORGE
When soon? I like to know when
to start getting nervous.

DUDLEY
Tomorrow soon.

INT. CHECKER CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas is snoozing in cab, and George wakes him by
slamming the door.

THOMAS
How did it go?

George shows Thomas the cellphone.

GEORGE
See?

THOMAS

See what?

GEORGE

I get respect.

George holds the proof of this up for Thomas to see.

THOMAS

This cheap shit? Come on,
George.

Thomas takes the cellphone.

GEORGE

That's a *cellular* phone, Tommy.

THOMAS

George... they're giving these
away nowadays. Literally.

GEORGE

Bullshit.

THOMAS

Yeah. It's so you get hooked.

GEORGE

Hooked?

THOMAS

It doesn't seem that bad at
first... you get a call after
dinner while you're walking in
the park, next thing you know
you can't get off the phone long
enough to drive a car down the
road. Bam! Crash into a tree.

GEORGE

Sounds dangerous.

THOMAS

(lights a
cigarette)
Cellphones are the new
cigarettes.

Thomas aims and takes a photo of George with the phone
while he's driving.

GEORGE

What was that? Is it ringing?

THOMAS

Took your picture.

GEORGE

See? That *is* a valuable piece of equipment, a camera and a phone. You can't fool me.

45

INT. THOMAS'S GARAGE - NIGHT

45

Thomas and George pass a blunt and stare into a grill, burning some steaks. The smell of the roasting meat has driven the dogs to be on their best behavior, so they sit obediently.

THOMAS

But what do you need money for, George? You have a place to stay.

GEORGE

I got a life I got to catch up to. People to do, places to see. You know, I got a kid I never really saw before.

THOMAS

Oh, so you blame your consorting with known felons on your daughter? *That's* the beginning of a healthy relationship.

GEORGE

I can't just be some bum living out here in a garage. I need to get some wherewithal.

THOMAS

You're just enabling yourself if you're using Shelley as an excuse. I mean, what does she need?

GEORGE

Whatever little girls need. Horses and shit.

46

EXT. SHELLEY'S HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

46

A picture of a man slavering after a foot long hot dog on a billboard over the playground reads "CARNEY'S HOTDOGS '**Better than Sex**'."

47

INT. CHECKER CAB - OUTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

47

George sits in the cab and watches Shelley through the fence which surrounds the school. A basketball hits the fence next to his daughter's head. She ducks it and then the ball hits again.

The phone RINGS and startles George. George can't figure out what it is for a minute. then realizes it's

He presses the button and a picture of MORTLOCK shows up on the screen with a hand lettered sign that says "WELCOME HOME GEORGE". He finally manages to hit the right button.

MORTLOCK (O.S.)

Well well.

GEORGE

Hello, Mortlock.

MORTLOCK (O.S.)

What are you doing?

GEORGE

I'm watching my daughter.

MORTLOCK (O.S.)

How is she?

GEORGE

(choked up)

She's got boobs now and it's weird to me.

MORTLOCK (O.S.)

It's the hormones they put in the meat. Girls are menstruating at, like, nine these days.

GEORGE

What's that got to do with anything?

MORTLOCK (O.S.)

Just making conversation, George.

GEORGE

Talk is cheap.

MORTLOCK (O.S.)

Well, is this a shakedown?

GEORGE

What I've lost is worth more than money.

MORTLOCK (O.S.)

Can you see my picture on the phone?

George takes the phone and looks at the solemn visage of Mortlock, who glowers from the handset.

MORTLOCK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Nothing like the personal touch, George. Listen, I need you take a trip for me.

48 EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - DAY 48

George's cab rides to the airport, the New York skyline in the b.g.

49 EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT - DAY 49

Planes are lined up in the sky on plumes of exhaust, ready to land.

50 INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS 50

George is standing in the airport at the bottom of the customs escalator with a sign that says: "NEW BRIDGE".

A planeload of passengers disembarks, as George searches each face for a flicker of recognition: American tourists, delicate brown business men, whole families in cowboy gear. It seems the last passenger is an old lady in a wheelchair being pushed along by a flight attendant. Nobody's even looked at his sign.

George checks his watch and gets ready to call on the cell phone, but stops when he sees a handful of KIDS in the escort of a FLIGHT ATTENDANT. She brings the kids to George.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
New Bridge?

GEORGE
Yeah.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
They sent you here alone?

GEORGE
Yeah.

She turns the kids over to George.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Here you go. They've been
cooped up on a plane for fifteen
hours so... good luck.

GEORGE
All of them? You got to be
fucking kidding me.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(scolding)
Bad language.

And with that, George is swarmed by a handful of wide eyed ECUADORIAN KIDS wearing their best clothes. George tries to figure out who is who, but they move around too much.

The Ecuadorian Kids gasp and talk amongst themselves about how different America is, and they haven't even left the parking lot yet. Their jabber grates on George.

GEORGE

Do you kids speak English?

The kids don't say a word. One of the girls whips out a Spanish-to-English dictionary.

GIRL

Hel lo. Hey. Good morning. Good afternoon. Good night.

GEORGE

Hey.

Seeing that George is affable enough to respond, she continues translating from the phrase book.

GIRL

Do you know the American Michael Jackson?

She puts on a Michael Jackson glove and does a move for him, as George opens the door to the cab.

GEORGE

Yeah. Michael Jackson. Get in and sit down.

George is on the phone and driving.

GEORGE

This is my reward? I'm driving some kids?

The kids in the back are rough housing.

MORTLOCK (O.S.)

What do you mean, kids? You were supposed to go to the airport and get...

GEORGE

Yeah, kids. Little kids.

There is a long silence.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hello?

MORTLOCK (O.S.)

Well. George. what do you want?

George heaves a big sigh.

GEORGE

"What do I want?" Listen,
Mortlock. Try to remember the
key to my cell was in my mouth
for twelve years, every day.
And now you got me out here baby-
sitting?

(pause)

Hey, watch it!

George turns to make sure the kids are not going to
fall out the window.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Makes me think maybe I'm a
fucking chump.

MORTLOCK (O.S.)

(phone breaking up)

It's that damn Dudley George,
forgive me. I got something for
you, just sit tight.

The phone CUTS OUT, and George hangs up in disgust.

The little girl in the back starts giggling, then
points out a Michael Jackson in the magazine she has.

GIRL

See him, Michael Jackson?

GEORGE

Yeah yeah. Michael Jackson.

GIRL

We see him?

GEORGE

Naw, naw. You never see him.
Just on TV.

GIRL

What?

GEORGE

It's not real. No Michael
Jackson. Now sit down and shut
up.

She translates this to the other kids who are
crestfallen.

George drives down street after identical street in the
leafy New Jersey suburbs.

54 INT. CHECKER CAB - MOVING - LATER 54

George sees a sprinkler ratchet back and forth in a lawn.

Swing sets creak in a front yard, blown by the wind.

The Ecuadorian kids gasp and point at every little thing: Kids playing frisbee on the lawns, a bunch of skateboarders messing around in a driveway.

George drives up to a ranch house with a well-kept lawn.

55 INT. NEW JERSEY - SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 55

In the house is a trashy-looking PUERTO RICAN WOMAN and her family. The kids watch the television in the b.g.

GEORGE

Ah. Hello... hola.

The Puerto Rican woman is wearing a lot of eye makeup and high heel shoes, and she winks at George lasciviously as she takes the bags from the kids, while speaking some rapid Spanish at them.

The other kids in front of the TV never look up to recognize the new arrivals, but remain slack jawed in the flicker of the television.

The woman nods again then opens the door to George back out into the suburban day.

56 INT. NEW BRIDGE TRAVEL AGENCY - EVENING 56

George kicks the front door open and stalks in carrying a PITBULL PUPPY under his arm and a forty ounce beer in the other hand.

He makes a beeline for Dudley's office.

57 INT. NEW BRIDGE TRAVEL AGENCY - DUDLEY'S OFFICE - 57
CONTINUOUS

Dudley is again jabbing at his computer when the screen is blocked by the puppy that George plumps right down on the keyboard.

GEORGE

Tell Mortlock this is how he
fucking treats me.

Dudley tries to act like George is out of line, but George is busy swigging off the rest of his beer.

DUDLEY

Hey --

George tosses the bottle on the floor before continuing.

GEORGE

Tell him... tell Mortlock that I'm not a dog, I'm a fucking tiger and I'm about tear this whole fucking place down if he doesn't come correct. Hang up on me?

George sweeps Dudley's shit onto the floor and kicks a chair on the way out. Dudley cowers back.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You hear me? I'm gonna hold you fucking responsible, Dudley! Tell that motherfucker he owes me better than this bullshit! Tell him I want a fucking trip to Tahiti...

He kicks a chair.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

... or at least Cancun! Hell, I'd be happy with Niagara Fucking Falls!

George rips the poster of Niagara Falls off the wall. He considers the poster for a minute, throws it on the floor, then wrenches the Tahiti poster off and takes it with him.

The purloined poster of Tahiti has the position of honor on the wall between the pornographic tool calendars.

Hawaiian music plays softly for George and Thomas drinking in the compound. Thomas is covered in grease, taking links out of a motorcycle chain. The dogs sleep peacefully at their feet.

GEORGE

So... no ladies?

THOMAS

Gave up on em.

GEORGE

What about what's her name... Maureen?

THOMAS

She married an Irish.

Thomas cracks open a beer.

GEORGE

Don't you get lonely out here?

THOMAS

I think so... because when the rat came, we just looked at each other. I mean, he lives here too is how I see it, you know?

Thomas shrugs and puts a piece of motorcycle in a grease bath.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

But it's not a proper relationship. The dogs know it.

He points to the dogs who lounge near the front gate and seem to be listening.

GEORGE

You and the rat?

THOMAS

And the dogs and the pigeons. And at night Circle Kitty comes around crying. Each one against the other.

(shakes his head)

It's like a soap opera out here sometimes.

They watch a white cat with a circle of black around her left eye skirt along the roof beams staying close to the shadows. She sits on the beam and licks her paws.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

There she is...Circle Kitty, hey Circle Kitty...

GEORGE

Why can't Circle Kitty get that rat?

THOMAS

She ain't that kind of kitty. She's a lover. She cries and cries, but she can never find herself a man.

George has the cab out in front of the school and watches the surge of kids after the final bell of the school day.

After the initial wave of kids runs out, hooting and playing grab-ass, a group of girls including Shelley strolls out.

These girls have recently hit the first bumps of puberty, so they're out of place among the ghetto youths; they're miles above the teenage boys who hoot lewdly and make kissing noises as they pass.

GHETTO BOY

Hey baby, you looking fine!

GHETTO BOY #2

Lemme get some that sweet stuff,
girl!

They make obscene tongue-flicking gestures at her. George watches his daughter ignore the insults.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

George shadows his daughter and her friends in the Checker until the group is held up at the corner by a "Don't Walk" sign.

GEORGE

Hey!

SHELLEY

Fuck off, perv!

GEORGE

Naw, it's me. Dad.

Shelly stops as the rest of the girls walk on like the sign says, unaware that she even fell out of the group.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Wanna ride? I'm going that way
anyhow.

SHELLEY

Word?

Shelley gets in the cab.

INT. CHECKER CAB - CONTINUOUS

George's daughter checks out the interior of the Checker.

SHELLEY

This car is so dope in here.

GEORGE

You like it?

SHELLEY

It's tight.

She feels the leather on the seats.

GEORGE

Yeah. This is how sh.. stuff

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Leather and rubber and glass and
steel, none of this plastic --
all real.

He fondles the dash board.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Don't tell nobody that we're
riding around, all right? Your
mom will throw a fit.

SHELLEY
Yeah, that's what she does.

George puts the pulls back into traffic.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
So where have you been?

GEORGE
You mean your mom didn't tell
you?

SHELLEY
She said you ran away, you left
because you...

GEORGE
Because I what?

SHELLEY
I don't know. I didn't care.

George lets this wash over him for a second.

GEORGE
It's nothing like that. It
wasn't like that... see, I was
in the penitentiary.

SHELLEY
For what?

GEORGE
Because I got caught.

SHELLEY
Doing what?

GEORGE
Your mother *really* didn't tell
you?

Shelley shakes her head.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You know, this used to be a
tough neighborhood out here. We
all did things...

SHELLEY

You been gone a long time... did
you kill somebody?

The checker stops on the street in clear view of some
kids passing a blunt in a doorway.

GEORGE

No see... see Shelley, I'm going
to tell it to you straight. I'm
not even trying to be that kind
of person in your life to preach
at you like "don't smoke
weed"...

SHELLEY

Don't you know that shit makes
you stupid?

George nods and has his first parental anxiety attack
which he covers up nicely.

GEORGE

... because I know you're not
going to listen, because you
can't at your age -- I never
did. And all I can say is that's
how come I ended up in jail.

SHELLEY

But you were gone *forever*.

She's got him there.

GEORGE

See, there was this rich son of
a bitch name of Rockefeller, who
never read a book in his whole
life, but because his pops,
Daddy Rockefeller got so rich
from working people to death,
they ran his kid stooge for the
Governor and he won it.

SHELLEY

Like the Bushes?

GEORGE

Yeah, like that. So first thing
Rockefeller Junior does when he
gets up to the Governor's
mansion is make a law that says
if you get caught with even a
little bit of drugs, you go away
for the rest of your damn life.
No ifs ands or buts.

(pause)

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Well, of course, I don't know nothing about any damn Rockefellers because I don't read the papers, I'm too busy trying to keep everybody fed. So I fucked around and got busted delivering something for somebody, and I got sentenced under The Rockefeller Law.

She gives a low whistle.

SHELLEY

I bet you read the paper now.

GEORGE

Every day... starting tomorrow.

Shelley breaks out laughing. She takes a picture of herself on his phone.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You know how to work that thing?

SHELLEY

Sure. All you got to do is this.

And she hits the button on the side and takes a picture of George.

GEORGE

You got my brains, huh?

SHELLEY

Yeah. Straight B's.

He slows and pulls off of the street to let her out.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Are you gonna come around everyday like this?

GEORGE

I'll try.

They try to hug but it's a forced, hamfisted attempt, mercifully cut short by the chirp of George's cell phone. He answers.

MORTLOCK (O.S.)

Go to the St. Regis Hotel and wait in the lobby for a yellow dress.

George pulls his cab up into the taxi waiting area and parks.

The St. Regis is a nice place full of well-heeled tourists. The lobby is full, and George picks a spot at the bar and addresses the bartender.

GEORGE

Gimme a Bud.

SIMONE, a beautiful, elegant-looking call girl in her 20's wearing a yellow dress, comes out of the elevator followed closely by a SECURITY GUARD with a cheap suit and a wire running from his ear.

SECURITY GUARD

Can I help you? Lady... excuse me, ma'am...

The guard is trying to match pace with Simone but she wastes no time getting out of there.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Listen lady, this isn't the Honeymoon Hotel... so can I really help you?

Simone runs up to George, gives him a kiss on his cheek and takes his arm.

SIMONE

Come on honey, we'll be late.

GEORGE

Huh?

SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)

Ma'am? I'm talking to you. I know you can hear me. Ma'am?

The guard is closing in...

SIMONE

I said, "*come on honey we'll be late*".

GEORGE

Who's we?

SIMONE

Mortlock?

GEORGE

Yellow dress?

SIMONE

(hissing)
Well then act like you know.

And with that, she locks arms with George and drags him

George plays along, sees how the guard is closing in on Simone, then stutter steps to trip the guard up, providing just enough gap for him and Simone to get through the revolving doors before the guard can grab them.

As the two make their exit, the guard stays inside watching them through the window.

SIMONE

This is the limo?

George hands his beer off to the gloved Doorman, then holds the front passenger door of the Cab open for her.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Supposed to be a limo.

She gets in the car.

GEORGE

It's better than a damn limo.
It's an authentic Checker Cab.

Simone checks out the interior and pours herself a drink from a small bar set-up.

SIMONE

It'll do.

George watches her in the rearview as she does her makeup.

SIMONE

Can you believe the nerve of that guy? Used to be they'd turn a blind eye, but not these days...

GEORGE

Where to?

SIMONE

To the Drake please... god, that St. Regis manager is a fucking asshole, I really should call my lawyer and sue his ass for unlawful harassment...

George accelerates harshly away from the taxi stand and into traffic.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

So where'd they get you?

GEORGE

Showed up on the doorstep.

She finishes her makeup and slaps her compact shut.

SIMONE

You don't say much do you?
What's your name, driver?

GEORGE

George.

She leans forward and checks him out good.

SIMONE

Listen, George, you *simply must*
cover up those tattoos when
you're watching after me. Do
you have any real clothes?

GEORGE

What do you mean?

SIMONE

I mean it looks like your barber
and your tailor have been
fucking.

Simone leans back and pours herself another drink.

GEORGE

Next time I'll wear a tux.

SIMONE

Don't get defensive. I'm just
saying I need a invisible man to
have my back. I'm talking about
going incognito... do you know
what it means to be incognito,
George?

GEORGE

Yeah. Sure.

George and Simone enter the Drake, another posh hotel
with antiques and oriental carpets, and go to the bar.
The gay bartender SASHA knows Simone and provides her
with a glass of champagne.

SASHA

That dress is to die for.

Simone kisses the bartender on each cheek. He takes
her by both hands and checks her from head to toe.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Are those shoes Manolo?

SIMONE
Of course. And Vivienne
Westwood gave me the dress to
try out.

The bartender shrieks a little at this. George sits at
the bar and watches in disgust.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
This is George. Take care of
him for me, Sasha. I'll be back
soon enough. Enjoy yourself,
George.

SASHA
You go, girl.

He waves at her as she walks away and sighs.

SASHA (CONT'D)
You believe that dress on her?

GEORGE
Beer and shot of tequila.

SASHA
We have Patron, Tres
Generations, Husangs...

GEORGE
The good stuff.

SASHA
Casadores?

GEORGE
Cuervo.

Sasha tries not to sneer at his choice.

SASHA
And for beer, we have Heineken,
Amstel Light, Sam Adams...

GEORGE
Budweiser. And keep em coming.

George slurps down another shot. He's drunk.

GEORGE
Hey Sasha -- Sasha!

Simone strides down the hall and sees George making an
ass out of himself in his cheap suit, yelling drunkenly
at the bartender.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Didn't I tell you to keep 'em
coming? I just got out the
fucking penitentiary!

The other patrons of the bar try to laugh at this but
then look down the bar and realize that he isn't
kidding.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Hey barkeep! Hey Shasha! Hey!
I'm talking to you!

SIMONE
Jesus, George, what are you
doing?

GEORGE
I'm trying to catch a buzz, but
the slow-ass way your boy makes
drinks, it just ain't happening.

SIMONE
George, it's time we made an
exit...

GEORGE
Right, make an exit time. Tah-
tah, people to do, places to see
--

George slides his empty shot glass down the bar so that
it clanks with the martini glasses on the bar.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Hey bar boy. Fuck the drink. You
know? Relax and take a break...

He screams down at Sasha who is studiously ignoring him
as Simone pulls him away and toward the door.

George pulls up to a palatial brownstone near Park
Avenue in the 70's.

SIMONE
Pull over here.

She holds out a couple thousand dollars.

GEORGE
What's this?

SIMONE
This is why you're here. Get it?

She places the bills in his hand.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
Got it? Good. Because if you
lose a cent of it, it's your
ass.

George tucks the money into his pocket.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - LATER

George is asleep in the cab when Simone comes clop-clopping on her heels and gets in. The door slamming startles George awake.

GEORGE
That was quick.

SIMONE
How would you know, all passed
out?

GEORGE
I was just resting my eyes.
(pulling out into
traffic)
So how was it?

SIMONE
How was what?

GEORGE
You know, the ah...

SIMONE
Guess what?

GEORGE
What?

SIMONE
Shut up.

She shuts the Plexiglas window that separates them. George is stung by this, having a whore talk to him like that. The plexi is then thrown open.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
24th and Tenth.

And then the window is slammed again.

EXT. 24TH STREET AND 10TH AVENUE - NIGHT

The Checker creeps down the block as the whores work the passing cars hard as they can. A BLACK TRANSVESTITE runs along beside the cab singing.

BLACK TRANNIE
"Jungle love, it's driving me
mad

BLACK TRANNIE (CONT'D)

It's making me crazy, crazy..."
wassup, white boy? You ain't
ready for this black meat, son.

GEORGE

Fuck off.

The trannie walks on. Simone surveys the action
briefly, then sits back.

SIMONE

All right. Let's go.

GEORGE

Where to now?

SIMONE

Queens.

EXT. QUEENS - OUTSIDE SIMONE'S BUILDING - DAWN

The cab pulls up in front of a nondescript postwar
apartment building.

INT. CHECKER CAB - CONTINUOUS

George peers into the rearview mirror at Simone, then
digs out the roll of cash she had him hold earlier and
hands it back to her.

SIMONE

Do you have any decent clothes?

GEORGE

Yeah.

SIMONE

Good. So wear them next time
you're supposed to be my "date".

GEORGE

What's wrong with what I got on?

SIMONE

What if you had to go to a
funeral?

GEORGE

Well... I'd probably wear socks.

She holds some money out to him.

SIMONE

Take this...

When he's too slow to take it, she throws it into his
lap.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
... and go get suited and booted
before you see me again. Shoes
are the most important.

George sits and makes no move to touch the money.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
Just dress as you might for a
night on the town.

GEORGE
I'm not taking money from you.

SIMONE
Why not?

GEORGE
Cause I'm not a damn pimp.

Simone talks to him through her teeth.

SIMONE
You're goddamn right you're not
a pimp. And get it straight --
I don't need a pimp.
(pause)
I'll be calling your sorry ass
tomorrow.

She gets out and slams the door.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
And by the way -- I want you to
know I have no patience and I
hate fucking waiting.

She gets out, and he cusses her under his breath as she
fades away from the sight of the rearview mirror.

George and Thomas patiently fish in Thomas' small skiff
with an outboard. They lob their spinners off into the
river and reel them back in slowly.

THOMAS
So how's things with the girl?

GEORGE
(shrugs)
Fucking bitch.

THOMAS
What do you guys do?

GEORGE
I take her out to places.

THOMAS

Uh oh.

GEORGE

Let me tell you something...

He throws a can to the bottom of the boat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

... it's a lot easier to go out
with a woman when you aren't
going out with her.

Thomas casts out again.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What does incognito mean?

THOMAS

It means like, you know, going
out with your hat on so no one
knows who the hell you are.

George cracks open another beer and slurps the foam off
the top.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

How did you sleep?

Thomas and George cross lines on the casting and try to
untangle them.

GEORGE

You know how I'm gonna get rid
of that rat?

THOMAS

Peanut butter on the rat trap?

GEORGE

The rat you got, he's got
family, he got boys... wherever
there's one, there's three.

THOMAS

Nests of them.

GEORGE

Right. So what you got to do
is... you get two rats and put
them in a box. Close the box, no
light, no water, no food.

THOMAS

Shake it up?

GEORGE

Whatever you want to do. It doesn't matter, because pretty soon -- and it won't take long -- one of the rats will eat the other rat. And the rat that ate the other rat is one bad ass rat now. Set that rat free and he'll go hunt down every other rat around and eat 'em cause he don't give a rat's ass no more. He went crazy in that box and now he's got a taste for rat meat. And he knows right exactly where to go because he *is* rat.

THOMAS

The top rat.

75

INT. RITZ CARLTON HOTEL - BAR - DAY

75

Simone is coming down the hotel stairs admiring the wood work. She's shaken from her reverie by the sight of George lounging at the bar in a maroon Sean John sweat-suit with gold piping up the sleeves. George spots her and calls out to her and sloshes his drink in her direction.

GEORGE

Hey!

SIMONE

What are you wearing?

A man and a woman with deep southern accents stop talking when Simone approaches and they sit watching her and George.

GEORGE

Nice huh? "Hip".

SIMONE

Is that what they told you?

GEORGE

Yeah. Shit is hot though. I'm sweating like a whore in church... excuse me.

SIMONE

Just shut up. Are you drunk?

GEORGE

What's that got to do with it?
Here's the change.

When he hands her the money, the woman at the bar points it out to her friends and Simone sees the whole thing through the eyes of this gossipy bitch.

SIMONE

(livid)
Not here.

She stalks away. George throws a little money at the bartender and runs out after her, but Simone can walk well in high heels, and she cuts along so fast that George has a hard time keeping up with her.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

This is all the change?

GEORGE

Yeah. Minus some beers.

SIMONE

Costs a lot to look cheap.

Simone jukes George into the revolving door, and he gets caught, banging up against a woman coming in.

76

EXT. RITZ CARLTON HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

76

Once outside the harsh glare of the late afternoon sun necessitates that George put on his new sunglasses.

GEORGE

You don't like the suit do you?
What? It ain't incognegro
enough for you?

Simone throws her head back and laughs as harshly as she can.

SIMONE

... when you were sloshing that
drink all around, you looked
like a fucking chump on his
first date. All you need is some
J-Lo Glasses.

George takes off his J-Lo glasses and screws his face up.

77

INT. CHECKER CAB - NEAR BROOKLYN BRIDGE - LATER

77

The sun has gone down. Simone lounges on the seat and lights a cigarette, smirking at the back of George's head while he drives.

SIMONE

Were you born yesterday?

GEORGE

No.

SIMONE

I mean, I got to laugh.
How stupid is a grown man who
spends six hundred dollars on a
polyester gym suit?

She has big laugh at this.

GEORGE

Yeah, I'm stupid but I can
change out of this suit
tomorrow, but you'll still be a
whore for the rest of your
fucking life.

Simone stops laughing abruptly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So ha ha ha... who's stupid now?

Furious, she slaps him across his ear. George swerves a little but he's a pro and is able to grab her and shake her while driving.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey! You don't fuck with the
driver while the car is in
motion!

She rips her bag open and gets her cellphone out and starts jabbing at the keys.

SIMONE

I'm about to make a phone call
that'll ruin your whole fucking
life, motherfucker... fuck with
me...?

(on cellphone)

Dudley? Dudley, this
motherfucker you sent over here -

-

George slams on the brakes and nearly puts Simone's head through the partition. Once the cab is completely stopped, he throws it into gear and slams Simone back into the back of the cab like a rag doll.

George stops the cab in the middle of the bridge, gets out of the cab, opens the back door, grabs Simone out of the seat, grabs her phone and throws her out in the road, oblivious to the blaring horns of traffic around them.

GEORGE

(into the phone)
Fuck off, Dudley.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You gonna fire me? Think I'm scared? Okay, I'm fired. Fuck me. Now walk your ass back to work.

All the cars are honking but George gets in the car in his own time and shuts the door. He drives off leaving Simone trying to make her way through the crawling traffic.

79

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - ON SIMONE - CONTINUOUS

79

The headlights bear down on Simone so she can't work her high heels through the intricate course of broken pavement. The headlights go blurry and her eyes cloud up as she tries to get out of the crawling traffic. An SUV full of beery assholes jeers at her.

80

INT. CHECKER CAB - CLOSEUP GEORGE - CONTINUOUS

80

George drives, pounding with anger and adrenaline.

GEORGE

(mumbling to
himself)

... think you can fuck with me,
think you can fire me? Fuck
you, bitch...

He suddenly catches himself in the rearview mirror, seeing the snarl on his face as Simone totters through traffic, trying to maintain her dignity despite her four inch heels, her trench coat and the garters which wink out from under her coat at every step.

The anger which had overwhelmed George's nature dissipates, and he can't look himself in the eye in the rearview mirror.

81

EXT. CHECKER CAB - BROOKLYN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

81

As other cars honk, George leans on the horn and yells out the window.

GEORGE

The fuck out the way... hey, I'm
working here!

He bullies the cab backward through the traffic to get to Simone. He pulls up beside her and shouts out the window.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm sorry, okay? I lost
my temper... you know I don't
know how to act. Get in.

Simone ignores him as best as she can, walking right past the cab. George stops the car again, gets out and runs her down.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Come on now... it's not safe for half-dressed ladies to walk out in traffic... at night.

He gets her near the car and opens the door. Finally she gets in.

Simone sits stiffly.

GEORGE

Look, I didn't mean anything by it.

SIMONE

It's what I fucking deserve.

(she cries)

I'm a fucking whore, right? I'm a fucking dirty whore and I'm going to be one for the rest of my life no matter how long that might be.

GEORGE

Come on, stop. It was the beers talking.

It pains George to see her cry.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Come on... I got to level with you. I just got out prison after a long time, and I haven't --

SIMONE

Please. We're late. Just drive.

They ride in silence, until he breaks it again.

GEORGE

I hope you can see I'm sorry, but it's really cause I forgot how to act. I mean I forgot about... ladies. How to treat them, and how they laugh and how they smell and everything.

SIMONE

(stopping the tears)

Oh... so I'm a lady now?

GEORGE

Well, yeah. Of course you're a lady. I mean, we go to nice hotels and all. I never go to those kinds of places. I mean, I been in nice places before... I just wasn't invited.

She actually laughs a little.

SIMONE

(sarcastic)

Stop it, you fucker, I'll start crying again.

83

EXT. BROWNSTONE - UPPER EAST SIDE - LATER

83

George and Simone sit in the car listening to the radio. A limousine with Consul plates pulls up next in front of them and a white gloved servant runs up and opens the limo door for a lady in a head scarf who exits the brownstone.

SIMONE

Okay. So wife goes to Mom's house. And then...

The servant shuts the door and the big black car sweeps off into the night.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

One... two... three...

And right on cue her cellphone rings and she answers it.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Okay.
(she hangs up; to
George)
Be back.

84

INT. CHECKER CAB - OUTSIDE THE BROWNSTONE - LATER

84

George tries to sleep but is interrupted when a SERVANT comes out with a pot of coffee.

SERVANT

The lady thought you might like something to sober you up.

The servant pours it for him.

GEORGE

Thanks.

George climbs the stairs and is going to put the coffee service down on the stoop, but just then hears the door opening.

He panics and thinks to run, but realizes it would look strange if he was caught running away, so instead he's caught flatfooted, looking guilty when the door opens.

A ARAB WITH A TURBAN stands in the doorway and stares at him.

GEORGE

Hey there. I uh... where should I put this? I bet it's china or something and it'll get all broke up rolling around in the cab.

The Arab passes the coffee set up to his servant who is close by and steps out on the stairs, maybe to check out what George is doing, maybe to just get some night air.

A bodyguard comes out the door, finds himself the best angle to check the whole scene out and stares at George. George starts back down the stairs.

ARAB

That a 1968?

GEORGE

Close. It's a sixty nine. You can tell by how low the skirts are on the back wheel.

ARAB

My father had that same model. Great car. Put me through college.

George stops on the stairs, uncertain if he should go on back to the car or stay for more talk.

ARAB (CONT'D)

Great back seat on that thing too.

GEORGE

Oh yeah.

Simone glides out of the house, half-naked under her coat, and walks to the car. George waves to the Arab and follows her in.

He opens the door for her.

SIMONE

Did you get coffee?

GEORGE

Yeah, thanks. Where we going now?

SIMONE

Twenty-fourth and Tenth.

She gets in.

GEORGE

Your wish is my command.

He shuts the door and gets back in the driver's seat.

87

EXT. 24TH STREET AND 10TH AVENUE - LATER

87

The cab makes its way down the street. As usual, the hookers are everywhere.

88

INT. CHECKER CAB - CONTINUOUS

88

Simone's eyes look carefully over the motley whores.

SIMONE

Slow it down...

The girls stroll through traffic and lean in windows. Simone sits on the edge of her seat, scanning each and every girl quickly.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

These new faces are young faces... and the young faces are getting younger.

The car cruises down the block at the same crawl that the other johns are cruising. Some young girls dart in front of the cab in ripped stockings, asses hanging out.

Simone points out some girls who look like they just started.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Does that turn you on?

GEORGE

I got a daughter that age.

SIMONE

Wanna sell her?

GEORGE

That's not funny.

SIMONE

She watches the girls work the street.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
Happens everyday.
(pause)
Why were you in jail?

GEORGE
You're not supposed to ask.

SIMONE
Oh... why not?

GEORGE
I don't know... it's just wrong
to ask.

SIMONE
So we're going act correct now?

GEORGE
Yes, ma'am. Might as well.
We're stuck together.

SIMONE
You're not going to call me a
whore any more?

GEORGE
I told you. I didn't mean that.

SIMONE
It's okay. I get called worse
every day.

The cruise the line of more heavily painted girls
waiting by the side of the road.

GEORGE
Man... at least you don't have
to be out here acting like this.

SIMONE
I did all of this. Yes, I did
yes, I did...

Simone scans the girls.

GEORGE
Were you a child prostitute?

SIMONE
A child is never a prostitute.
Nobody comes here unless they're
running away... and no one stays
unless they have to.
(pause)
You're out here in the rain, the
snow. walking the fucking track.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Sometimes they're high,
sometimes it's whiskey on their
breath... sometimes a van load
full of guys'll take a girl and
she'll show up a year later
missing a eye, selling her ass
on the strip saying she can't
remember what happened...

Simone pops up abruptly and focuses on a BOTTLE BLOND GIRL, then relaxes. More whores brush up against the car.

GEORGE

So why don't you quit? You got
enough scratch, just from last
night.

SIMONE

Cause this is what I do.

A girl leans in the window and tries to grab George.

WHORE

Party? Let me hold fifty
bucks...

George rolls up the window.

WHORE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Faggot!

GEORGE

What makes you so expensive?

SIMONE

The price.

GEORGE

Do they like fall in love with
you?

SIMONE

It's my job to make them fall in
love. They fall in love with
what they think I am.

GEORGE

What's that?

SIMONE

Whatever they want me to be.

George and Thomas cast out and reel in full view of the floating prison.

GEORGE

... and then I took her home.

THOMAS

Did you get a free one?

GEORGE

I don't fuck whores, Thomas.

THOMAS

Sure you don't, George.

The end of Thomas's fishing pole bends nearly in half and Thomas gets up and stumbles around in the small boat trying to get the right angle to haul the bastard in, but the line breaks.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Shit!

GEORGE

Can we, ah, get away from here?

THOMAS

What's the matter?

GEORGE

I just don't want to be floating around a jail, that's all.

Thomas has to brace up against the gunwales of the boat, and George pulls at the outboard motor until he can get the engine to catch.

THOMAS

What the fuck...?

The cellphone RINGS. The boat tips and totters as Thomas tries to get the motor to start. All is mayhem aboard the skiff as beer spills into cup full of worms, tackle boxes fall to the floor of the boat, etc. The mayhem is furthered with the insistent RING of George's cellphone.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

She's early today.

George pulls up and parks in the taxi waiting line. Simone is waiting for him.

GEORGE

Early today, huh?

SIMONE

Early bird gets the worm.

GEORGE

Nobody ever talks about what the early worm gets.

Fifth Avenue on a sunny day. The tourists march around, Simone and George stroll arm in arm.

SIMONE

I really do appreciate the job
you're doing for me, George.

GEORGE

I like driving.

SIMONE

Hell, you could have gone
somewhere by now.

GEORGE

Like where?

SIMONE

I don't know... somewhere
nice... the Hamptons.

GEORGE

I'm not going anywhere, and even
if I did, I'd still be me when I
got there.

Simone steps back, looks at George for a minute and
takes a second to take in his slumping dejection.

SIMONE

You need to shed that skin,
George. You need to get free.

She takes his arm and guides him through the steady
stream of a New York sidewalk.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

You know, Muslims say that only
three percent of people have
true knowledge of god. The rest
are just drones, characters,
people who will be influenced by
any damn thing, like fish in the
sea...

She swims her hand through the crowd.

GEORGE

I can see that.

On the way into Saks, George ducks a LADY who is
misting another with perfume. Simone guides him to
the men's section and starts picking at the dress
shirts.

SIMONE

... so, what the Muslims think is that there is only a couple of real people, and the rest are just decoys set there to distract you from the real people... know what I mean?

GEORGE

Yeah. Suckers. You know, I understand suckers that live off everybody else. Like your boy Dudley.

SIMONE

Yeah, like your boy Dudley exactly. But that's why they sent you to me, because you're real, and I'm the gift that keeps on giving.

Simone picks out a pastel yellow shirt with french cuffs and drapes it across his body.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

See... I heard about you...

GEORGE

You heard what about me?

SIMONE

They've got big plans for you, George. And I do, too. So you know, we deserve each other. What do you think?

George is momentarily mesmerized; Simone poses for him and he only just manages to keep his poker face. A STORE CLERK appears from behind the counter promptly.

GEORGE

Yeah. Nice.

SIMONE

Three of these, please. His size.

The clerk look George over, then ducks to the back room to retrieve the shirts.

GEORGE

You ain't dressing me.

SIMONE

Look George, we're about to hit some hot spots and... you look like... well, you look Brooklyn. You have to look like a banker or a lawyer or anything except --

GEORGE

Except what I am?

SIMONE

Listen -- I've had to do it too.
The world is just a costume
drama. I mean, do you want
people to accept you as you are,
or do you want people to like
you? If you're going to be on
the real, you've got to look the
part. Cause you said it
yourself, you don't know how to
act.

Simone goes to check out more clothes.

GEORGE

This stuff ain't free you know.

SIMONE

Don't worry, I got it.

As soon as she's out of earshot, the clerk insinuates
himself to George by sidling up next to him.

CLERK

Sir... if the lady is paying why
not get the best?

GEORGE

Who asked you?

George pushes past the store clerk and over to Simone.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You're not buying me shit,
Simone.

SIMONE

It's dirty money George, you
can't save it.

GEORGE

You heard me. You're not --

She breaks out her purse and whips out a wallet.

SIMONE

Okay fine. So the Arab pays.

GEORGE

The Arab? Well, then... that's
different.

The card goes through: SAUD AL ALI.

SIMONE (V.O.)

I tell him to "charge it to the game".

94

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - BAR - DAY

94

Another posh New York hotel. George sits at the end of the bar looking like a day trader in his new suit.

BARTENDER

Beer?

GEORGE

Coffee.

BARTENDER

We have espresso, latte...

GEORGE

No. Coffee.

The waiter clears as George sits back on the plush antique couch, takes a breath and smiles. He follows a nice-looking woman with his eyes and then finally sees the man he has been looking for: MORTLOCK.

95

INT. FOUR SEASONS - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

95

George mounts the stairs up to the check-in table for a conference. He walks right past the line and goes on in and approaches Mortlock.

GEORGE

Well, well... if it ain't old Mortlock...

MORTLOCK

(quietly)

Call me Liesel, George.

Mortlock motions George to get lost, but George is taking no hints and insinuates himself between Mortlock and the man he is talking to -- the ARAB.

GEORGE

You guys know each other? Small world.

(to the Arab)

Hey... how did you get over the other night?

ARAB

Fine, fine.

GEORGE

Next time I'll let you borrow the Checker for a extra hundred... for old times's sake.

MORTLOCK

Can I have a word with you?

GEORGE

I thought you'd never ask...
Liesel.

Mortlock nods to excuse himself from the Arab and pulls George aside, leaning in on him.

MORTLOCK

Mortlock sounds a little
sinister for the vanilla public
out here, George.

GEORGE

You used to want to scare
people, Mortlock.

Mortlock hushes him by grabbing George's arm and getting in his face, leading him out of the ballroom.

MORTLOCK

Inside voice, George. Inside
voice.

(pause; whispering)
Tell you what...

Mortlock escorts George from the ballroom.

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)

... tomorrow. Noon. I'll see you
at the New Bridge. Swear to
God.

GEORGE

Right. And tell the Arab thanks
for the suit, all right?

George exits, Mortlock putting on a smile and heading back in tom the ballroom.

INT. CHECKER CAB - 24TH AND 10TH - LATER

George and Simone cruise the hookers again.

GEORGE

Why does Mortlock hang out with
the Arab?

SIMONE

He likes to influence his
enemies.

Simone peers out the window hard as she can at the people on the sidewalk.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

He does set-ups. You go along with something, think something is too good to be true and *that's* when that bastard Mortlock pops up -- like a mugger at the end of the rainbow. Slow down...

The tableau of girls suggests some sort of sexual Halloween, transvestites and real women mingled together.

GEORGE

How did you first get started doing this?

Simone is watching each and every girl go by.

SIMONE

Get started? I never started... I've never been a virgin that I can remember.

GEORGE

You were molested?

SIMONE

You think normal people decide to come outside to walk around in the street and get fucked by strangers? You think that's something you would just go and do cause you're a natural born slut? I don't think so...

Just then a YOUNG WHORE ducks her head in the window.

WHORE #2

Wanna party?

GEORGE

No thanks.

WHORE #2

Why not? I'm good.

GEORGE

Get the fuck out of here.

The young whore has worked most of her upper body into the passenger side of the car and so George has to stop the car so she won't get her breasts torn off.

WHORE #2

What's wrong, baby? Why can't we?

He tries to push her out.

GEORGE

Cause I'm a goddamn faggot,
okay? Is that good enough? Now
get out of the window and let me
--

WHORE #2

Yo! He put his hands on me!

And as suddenly as she screams this a large PIMP
appears in the driver side window with his face in
George's.

PIMP

Yo, motherfucker! You don't be
touching her up and cussing her
till you pay me, know what I'm
saying?

The pimp grabs George by his shirt.

GEORGE

Get your hands off me...

The Pimp clears his hands slowly, but his eyes widen
when he sees Simone.

PIMP

Oh shit -- and you with this
bitch? Mona? I see you, bitch!
Your ass is going to get *cut the*
fuck up when I tell Anderson --

SIMONE

Drive!

The pimp leans in and puts the cab in park.

PIMP

You better just hold up, white
boy, cause they a price on this
bitch Mona head...
(he points out
Simone viciously)
.. and you about to get fucked
up.

The pimp grabs George's clothes and breathes in his
face. George quickly grabs the gearshift, puts the cab
in drive and then hooks his fingers in the pimp's nose
and steps on the gas, dragging him by his nose until he
falls off his feet, screaming bloody murder and losing
his shoes.

Simone watches the pimp tumble down the street in the
wake of the fleeing cab.

SIMONE

Shit!

GEORGE

He was glad to see you....

SIMONE

Where did you pick that up?

GEORGE

You mean the old "yoke em and run"? I got a god-given killer instinct.

SIMONE

Good thing to have.

But the fact that the pimp spotted her has her spooked.

98 EXT. CHECKER CAB - QUEENSBOROUGH BRIDGE -LATER 98

The Checker streaks through the gloom of the bottom deck of the enormous bridge.

99 INT. CHECKER CAB - CONTINUOUS 99

Safely away, George looks through the rearview at Simone.

GEORGE

How did that guy know you?

SIMONE

He and one of his boys turned me out long time ago.

GEORGE

That guy?

SIMONE

What about him?

GEORGE

I just thought a classy girl like you ---

SIMONE

Wouldn't be broken by nigger-ass pimp like him? Well I was. So now you see me for what I am -- a fucking whore, a fucking street whore...

She leans forward and tells him for real.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

These rings, this dress? It sure as shit wasn't always like this.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

And now you know how far I've
come up from the days of
Anderson the pimp, George... now
you fucking know...

Simone cries silently and George tries not to watch in
the rearview mirror.

100

EXT. QUEENS - OUTSIDE SIMONE'S BUILDING - LATER

100

George pulls up in front of Simone's building and
waits. She opens the door to get out.

GEORGE

If you had a told me that, I
would have killed the son of a
bitch.

SIMONE

Want a drink?

101

INT. SIMONE'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

101

Simone unlocks the door and shows George the way in.

The apartment is a lush little hiding spot with a white
couch and carpet. Everything nice and up to date:
plasma screen television, computer set up, etc.

Simone grabs a bottle of liquor from a cabinet over the
refrigerator and brings it to George in the main room.

GEORGE

How much does a place like this
go for?

SIMONE

About half a fuck a month.

GEORGE

Not bad.

George goes to the refrigerator and Simone dumps her
purse out onto the glass table in the middle of the
room. Money, condoms, a mask, religious tracts,
cigarettes and little blue baggies of cocaine all pile
out on the table.

She takes a pill from a bottle and takes it. Then
another. She offers him one. He shrugs, then nods,
takes a pill and downs it.

SIMONE

Let me get out of this dress.
Will you unzip me?

George unzips her and she immediately struggles out of
her dress and it drops to the floor. George stares as
she covers up her breasts, pirouettes and tosses her
head before she tiptoes off to the shower.

She calls out from the bathroom through the open door.

SIMONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There's weed in there too, roll
us a joint if you want. You need
to relax.

George walks around the apartment and surveys her things.

SIMONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Put some music on if you want.
Mi Casa es Su Casa.

George sees CD collection which takes up an entire wall. A DJ set-up. Then he opens a closet and sees hundreds of pairs of shoes.

SIMONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I have a proposition to make.

The next closet he opens is full of dresses. George watches her get out of the shower and wrap a towel around her head.

GEORGE
Well, you got my interest.

Simone lights a cigarette and studies George for a minute before she speaks again.

SIMONE
A couple years ago I was
stripping at this club, working
for this guy upstate. They've
got these clubs upstate and over
in Canada you wouldn't believe.
I mean, it's worse than Atlanta
even, you can't even fall out
without landing in a strip club.
They've got so many clubs that
it gets totally specialized...
there are old lady strip clubs,
dominatrix clubs, playboy
penthouse bunnies... whatever
floats your boat, you know?

Simone gets up and shuts the blinds and dims the lights.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
There's clubs where the Asians
come through, check out the
girls and spend money like it
was paper... but some of them
want to do more than look, and
they'll pay like a motherfucker.
And one night I see them bring
in this girl.

Simone shows him a photo booth picture of Simone and a tow-headed girl. They look like they're having the time of their lives.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

First I thought she was somebody's sister. They kept her in a back room, but she could walk around. She wasn't chained to the wall or anything, you know?

GEORGE

No.

SIMONE

They had her back there like a fucking party treat. I was like, what kind of cold blooded shit is this? Girl can't be older than...

She pushes the picture at George again.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

... twelve.

GEORGE

Fuck.

SIMONE

I just couldn't get with that shit, George. It fucking haunted me to see those guys going back there all day and her just walking around barefoot like a little drunk zombie...

George screws his face up involuntarily.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

I had to find out what was up, so I said to her "girl whatever they're paying you is not enough." And she's like, "they ain't paying me shit". Then she says that they're going to kill her family if she tries to escape, so she doesn't even try.

GEORGE

What did you do?

SIMONE

I stole her out of there and we just ran -- I didn't even think, you know, I just grabbed her and ran.

(MORE)

SIMONE (CONT'D)

We hid out at my place, and when she slept off the drugs they had her on, she was like "I got to go back, they'll kill my family if I don't."

She pours some Chivas in his cup and sits heavily.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

I'm like fuck that, no way -- that's just some bullshit they're telling you, they won't kill your family, they don't have the time --but she says they do, they will. We argued it around and finally I got her to promise not to go back.

(pause)

I thought I had her sorted out. I told her how we could get on down the road and go over across the border to Canada cause I heard that it's really a free country over there. She was like "all right". Then I went to the store to get us some food, and when I got back... she was gone.

Simone drinks the glass away.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

She went back to them and told them what I'd done. Told them where I was.

Simone cries for a second and then gets it under control.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

So that motherfucker Anderson come in my house and he burns me, leaves me this...

(she shows A the
brand on her skin)

... so I would remember him.

She lights a cigarette and types on her computer.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

But none of it meant shit to me, because all I could do was keep asking "what about May, what did they do to her?" And he said she was dead, said they killed her for running.

She types in an address on the computer.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Until T found this on the

THE SCREEN READS: **HELPLESS GIRLS! JUST 14.99 A MONTH!**

A movie pops up on the screen. It's a choppy, low-resolution image of a GIRL laying on a cold beach while the ocean surges up and engulfs her. She panics against her bonds but is helpless against the tide.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

It's her, George. She's out there. That son of a bitch Anderson has got her.

The girl on the screen is bound hand and foot, hog tied, and she appears helpless in the face of the rising tide. She struggles and panics.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

You have to help me find her, George. There are people out there who...

Simone falters in her speech as a rogue wave surges over the girl with such force it rolls her over.

GEORGE

This is terrible. I can't believe that they let this go on in America.

Then the movie stops.

HELPLESS GIRLS.COM flashes across the screen.

SIMONE

It's not America, George. It's the internet. It's nowhere and everywhere.

GEORGE

People watch this shit on the internet?

SIMONE

That's what it's for, apparently. If you need anything anymore, that's where it is.

The movie plays again, the waves rushing over the girl.

GEORGE

Her name is May?

SIMONE

Yeah.

The tape goes off as the water covers her completely. George and Simone sit in silence.

GEORGE

SIMONE

I don't know.

GEORGE

You want me to find her.

SIMONE

I'll do anything...

She takes his hand and leads him to her bed. She then kisses him sweetly.

GEORGE

Why are you kissing me?

Simone goes expertly into George's pants...

SIMONE

Let me take care of you baby...

She kisses him again, undoes his zipper and starts to go down on him.

GEORGE

(breathlessly)

No... none of that...

SIMONE

What do you mean?

GEORGE

I mean, I don't want a blowjob.
I don't like them.

Simone stops, sits up and turns on the light.

SIMONE

(laughing)

What was that?

GEORGE

I'm just not into that shit.

Simone is taken aback by this. She breaks out of the role she was playing, lights a cigarette and really starts talking to him.

SIMONE

I've never met a man who didn't want a blow job. I've never even heard of it.

GEORGE

I don't like blowjobs. When you're in the penitentiary it's all about blowjobs. They all wanted to suck my dick and I wasn't into it.

Simone straightens up and looks at this oddity called George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Everybody was talking about it
and it's just all fucked up in
my head now.

(pause)

But what if I wanted to just
hold you, I mean, I got to go
slow... I haven't been this
close to a woman in...
forever...

SIMONE

Okay, George. That's fine.

George takes her around the waist and tries to spoon her. Simone's eyes stay open and her body remains tense as she turns out the light over her bed.

102

INT. CLOSE UP ON A COMPUTER SCREEN - MORNING

102

Suddenly all the porn in the world starts flashing across the screen internet-style as font-pixelated breasts and slogans scroll across the screen like threats:

"FROM THE PEOPLE THAT BROUGHT YOU BIGGER DICKS"

"BIGGER TEENAGE GAPE "SEE HER STRUGGLE""

"PORN COCKET "EAT MY HOT HATE PASTE!!!"

"SUPER TIGHT LIKE PROM NIGHT"

103

INT. NEW BRIDGE TRAVEL AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

103

George is knee deep in the internet and can't get out. Pop-up boxes sprout up with a will of their own.

Mortlock enters, sheds his jacket and rolls up his sleeves then pours himself a tumbler of whiskey, drinks it then pours one for George.

MORTLOCK

So I see you discovered the
internet, George.

He places the whiskey at George's elbow and looks at the porn atrocities stacking up on the screen.

GEORGE

How do I make it stop?

MORTLOCK

Hit force quit.

GEORGE

I wasn't looking at that shit...
it just came up and kept coming
up.

MORTLOCK

Don't be embarrassed. All the
best people have their porn
secrets. They did a study and
found out that you and me, being
men, think about sex every ten
minutes.

Mortlock finishes his drink and pours another.

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)

And with the internet, everyday
is a bachelor party. Porn is
the new popular addiction.

Mortlock reaches over and starts tapping at keys.

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)

People get on this thing and go
where ever they want. Entertain
whatever peccadillo they want
because it seems anonymous.
It's like voting every time you
get on the computer -- you're
voting for what you really want,
not what you're supposed to want
or what you need, but what you
really want.

Mortlock achieves a force-quit on the machine.

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)

Did you know that they figured
out that sixteen percent of the
world's energy is being used to
keep the internet going?

Mortlock finishes his drink and crosses the room to a
safe.

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)

Then they figured that thirty
seven percent of the internet is
nothing but porn. So do the
math, George -- thirty-seven
percent of that sixteen percent
goes to people looking at sex on
the internet. That's four
percent of all coal dug up out
the ground, and four percent of
all the Arabs we kill are killed
so that you can look at that
porn.

He does the combination on the safe quickly, and fishes around in it until he comes up with a envelope marked "George".

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)

It's what we call bio-mimicry George. The computer is doing what we do, it's taking the shape that life takes. It's a collective unconscious manifested every day, every minute, every hour. It's the last tool, the great machine that will make us all one. And you can take it with you anywhere.

Mortlock folds it up to show him the portability of his new laptop. George takes the laptop from him.

GEORGE

Let me borrow this then, just to get up to speed with the world.

MORTLOCK

Anything you want, George. Dudley's gone for a while, I'm sure he won't mind.

Mortlock lays his arm over George's shoulder and he hands him the envelope.

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)

How's it going with the girl?

GEORGE

She's starting to grow on me.

George opens the envelope and sees it's full of money.

MORTLOCK

Well, don't go soft on me.

George and Mortlock descend the steps to George's car.

GEORGE

This money don't make it right.

MORTLOCK

Give me a little time to work, George. What are you doing tomorrow night? Come on out to the place...

(whispers)

... we need to talk.

George is cruising the high school in his new suit, searching the crowd for his daughter. When he sees her he hits the horn. She stops and gets in the car.

SHELLEY

Damn dad, you pimpin'!

George's face falls.

GEORGE

Who told you that?

SHELLEY

I mean, it's a nice suit.

GEORGE

Oh, yeah... I knew that. So how was school?

Shelley shrugs.

SHELLEY

How's your new place?

GEORGE

It's nice. Me and Thomas just sit around out there and tell each other lies.

The dogs don't recognize George in his suit and charge at the car. He tries to get out, but the dogs are relentless until Thomas calls them off.

THOMAS

Gertie! Chump!

Thomas pulls the dogs off. He's covered in grease all over the front of his outfit and all the way up to his face so he is half in black face.

Nearby, A HIPSTER KID is counting off seven hundred dollars in clean, unearned twenties as George gets out and brushes his new suit off. The kid hands Thomas the cash.

GEORGE

What's wrong with the dogs?

THOMAS

They didn't recognize you in the monkey suit. What happened to you?

Thomas goes to finger the finery with his greasy hands but George is able to block his hand.

GEORGE

The lady.

THOMAS

Oh, so she's a lady now?

GEORGE

Yeah.

Thomas counts the money back to himself and it's right, so he and the Hipster bang fists and the kid goes away.

107 INT. THOMAS'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

107

George goes into the garage, stows the jacket and begins to undo his french cuffs, standing in the door watching Thomas fiddle with the motorcycle.

THOMAS

I don't get it -- is she a lady or a whore?

GEORGE

Listen man, there's no such thing as a whore. They're just girls that got into it and they think it's all they're good for. They got what you call a low self-esteem.

Thomas waits for George to laugh but when he realizes that he's serious, he ducks back into the guts of the motorcycle he has up on a workbench.

THOMAS

I'm just saying, what's in it for her? Every whore has a sad story to tell. It's part of the gig. They're just trying to get all your money, the whole house...

GEORGE

Well, I ain't got a house so don't worry.

108 EXT. MORTLOCK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

108

George pulls through the security gate. Takes the cobblestone driveway up to the huge, luxurious house. Mortlock strolls out onto his porch and waves him in.

109 INT. MORTLOCK'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

109

Mortlock and George light up cigars as a Latino maid clears the plates.

MORTLOCK

Did you know that Arabs like to

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)

They get them on a plane, fly them over there, rape 'em and keep them there. How do you like that?

Mortlock escorts George from the dining room into the living room.

INT. MORTLOCK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mortlock sits heavily on a leather couch as the maid brings an ashtray and sets it within reach of his ash. George pokes around the living room.

GEORGE

I can't get down with that Miss America shit.

MORTLOCK

That's right, George. That's not something we can get behind. And we are a "we", aren't we George?

GEORGE

Of course we are.

Over the fireplace there are pictures of Mortlock hugging up to the likes of Mike Tyson, Giuliani, RuPaul, Shaq, Salman Rushdie and Michael Jackson.

MORTLOCK

Because I need you, George. I need you to get me some pictures of the Arab.

GEORGE

Pictures?

MORTLOCK

Some people can't be bought. Some people aren't elected and have diplomatic immunity... so we have to make things happen that would look bad. When things look bad, that's a problem.

GEORGE

For them.

MORTLOCK

Right. And you know how rich people solve their problems, George?

GEORGE

I wouldn't know.

MORTLOCK

They throw money at it. And
we're here to catch that money,
that's all.

George nods.

GEORGE

Blackmail.

MORTLOCK

Harsh words. Do you take the
girl over to that Arab's?

GEORGE

Yeah.

MORTLOCK

Why?

GEORGE

Well, a guy with that much money
isn't going to fuck himself.

MORTLOCK

What does she do with him?

GEORGE

The fuck should I know?

MORTLOCK

It's your job to know.

Mortlock stubs his cigar out.

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)

Listen, George, there are some
big people who need a little
help with this Arab.

GEORGE

What you mean? You want me to
hurt him?

MORTLOCK

No, no... that shit won't work.
What we need is something nasty,
kinky and slimy.

GEORGE

And I got to get it?

MORTLOCK

Like you said, he's not going to
fuck himself, is he?

MORTLOCK

Hey, and bring Dudley's computer back... he's getting real tense about that shit... all fucking day time he's in my ear about it.

GEORGE

Fucking Dudley... I never liked that kid all the way back to back in the day... remember?

MORTLOCK

A favor for me George. Fuck him, sure, do what you got to do. But get that computer back as a favor to me... cause I didn't realize it, but he keeps all *my* shit in there.

The traffic is snarled on the expressway. George is driving like a New Yorker, Simone in the back seat.

GEORGE

(leans on the horn)
If they aren't rubbernecking they're chasing ambulances.
(pause; to her)
So you're going to fly all the way over to Arabia for a little... what do you do with the Arab anyway?

SIMONE

I thought we were over this.

GEORGE

Mortlock wants to know.

SIMONE

You know. The normal.

GEORGE

Which is?

SIMONE

... give him the works until he confesses.

GEORGE

Really?

SIMONE

No... we drink tea.

GEORGE

That's all?

SIMONE

And eat little cookies.

GEORGE

And then?

SIMONE

And then time dances by on
hundred dollar bills.

George beats on the horn.

GEORGE

Bring me some evidence. For
Mortlock. You know what he
wants.

SIMONE

What's in it for me?

GEORGE

What do you want?

Simone stares out the window for a minute.

SIMONE

I'll make you a deal. I'll get
you the best evidence you've
ever even heard of on the Arab
if you go down to 9th Street and
Avenue C and ask for a guy named
Fleet...

George's cab pulls up to a Bodega in the Lower East
Side. A young man is walking out of the Bodega talking
close with another man. George hisses at the men and
one of them comes over and leans in the window.

GEORGE

You Fleet?

FLEET

Why you wanna know?

GEORGE

I'm looking for a girl.

FLEET

A hundred.

GEORGE

A new girl... a virgin girl.

Fleet makes a smacking noise.

FLEET

You ain't paid like that, man.
Just take this girl I got right
here, she takes it good.

GEORGE

No, the good stuff...

FLEET

Goes at five.

GEORGE

Come on man, two-fifty. You
ain't got nothing top-shelf like
that.

FLEET

What kind of young you talking
about, dog?

George shines a thousand dollars on Fleet.

GEORGE

Well, you know what I always
say: "if they're old enough to
go to the store, they're old
enough to get bread."

Fleet lets a platinum smile flash and leans in the car.

FLEET

All right my man, if it's like
that with you... I got me a soft
bitch I been saving for a *true*
player like you. Now this bitch,
she ain't even been fucked
yet... might have sucked a mile
o' dick, but that good stuff
between her legs I been saving
up. Four o' clock Thursday --
go where it say here, park
around the corner. Satisfaction
guaranteed, player.

George watches a heavily jeweled and manicured hand
push scratch an address on a matchbook with a gold pen
and hand it to him.

114

EXT. RIDGEFIELD, NEW JERSEY - DAY

114

Another well-kept suburban New Jersey neighborhood not
far from where George delivered the Ecuadorian kids.
He rides up on a Kawasaki 750 motorcycle and rounds the
corner. Parks the bike.

115

EXT. RIDGEFIELD, NEW JERSEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

115

George walks up to house. Nice place, bushes trimmed, a
house so normal you can't remember it soon as you look

It is soon opened by a demure, pleasant-looking MEXICAN WOMAN who motions him in.

116 INT. RIDGEFIELD HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS 116

The woman has George sit in the foyer and she takes off his shoes, on the pretense of not messing the carpet up. He hands her a sum of money and she winds up an egg timer and hands it to him.

117 INT. RIDGEFIELD HOUSE - TRICK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 117

George opens the door into a room set up to look like a young girl's room: Backstreet Boys poster on the wall, the teddy bears, and a knee high vanity mirror.

A SMALL GIRL cowers on the bed.

GEORGE

Why are you acting scared?

GIRL

Because that's what most guys like.

GEORGE

Well not me.

He sits on the bed and tries to be as paternal as possible.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Listen... I'm not going to hurt you.

GIRL

What do you want to do then?

She comes up and starts to undo his pants.

GEORGE

(whispering)

No, no... I just want to talk for a second.

GIRL

I wanna see your pee pee. You want to see mine?

GEORGE

No, no nothing like that. Have you seen this girl?

He shows her the picture on his cellphone.

GIRL

No se. Maybe. People come and go.

GEORGE

Where do they keep you?

The girl points at the floor.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

In the basement?

She shushes him.

GIRL

It's nice in the basement. Now
look mister, your time is going
to run out, so we better
start...

She struggles to get his pants undone.

GEORGE

Okay, stop, thanks...

He stands and pushes her away, zipping up.

GIRL

But wait, we didn't do it yet...

GEORGE

It's okay.

He starts to leave. The girl jumps up and blocks the
door, desperate.

GIRL

No it's not. They'll beat my
ass.

She redoubles her efforts to get his pants off, but he
fights her off.

GIRL (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Please Mister, please. They're
listening... I got to pretend...

The girl screams and squeals pitifully while banging
the headboard against the wall to fake like she's being
violated. She does this for a minute then ends
abruptly.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. So they'll think
it's over.

George sits on the bed and waits. The egg timer rings.

GEORGE

Don't worry. I'll tell them you
were great.

GIRL
(dead serious)
Please -- say it like you mean
it.

118 INT. RIDGEFIELD HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

118

In the dim hallway George doesn't see ANDERSON at first, so he jumps a little when the man speaks.

ANDERSON
That was the shit, huh? You
ain't had pussy that good since
pussy had you.

Anderson hands George his shoes. George can't help but notice he has a gold ring with an "A".

GEORGE
Yeah. The best. Thanks. I'll be
back.

ANDERSON
Anytime, my man.

GEORGE
What was your name again?

ANDERSON
Smith.

119 EXT. RIDGEFIELD HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

119

He ducks out and goes around the block, running through the backyard of the house on the next street over. He vaults the fence and goes in through the back door.

120 INT. RIDGEFIELD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

120

George goes through the sliding glass door and tiptoes fast across the linoleum where the Mexican woman sits smoking and watching Oprah on the television. George sneaks by unnoticed.

121 INT. RIDGEFIELD HOUSE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

121

George walks through the back. The kids that live there are watching television, fully transfixed. He snakes through the room, sticking close to the wall and turns a corner.

Anderson is talking to Mexican woman in Spanish.

ANDERSON
(subtitled)
She's too rigid. You need to
give her something to relax a
little.

WOMAN

(subtitled)

Are you kidding? If she relaxes
any more she'll fucking die.

122

INT. RIDGEFIELD HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

122

George snakes from shadow to shadow in the hallway,
finally stopping at a door that leads to the basement.

ANDERSON (V.O.)

(subtitled)

And you need to get this place
cleaned up. The judge'll
probably be coming...

123

INT. RIDGEFIELD HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

123

George treads lightly down the carpeted stairs and
steps on a child's MOUSE MASK. He gets to the bottom
of the stairs and lets his eyes adjust to the dark.
There is an insistent sound of a woman having sex.

Twenty pairs of shoes -- STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE SNEAKERS
all the way up to LACE UP STILETTOS -- lay jumbled
together on the floor.

George tiptoes around the corner where he comes across
an array of young girls flopped about in various states
on the basement floor watching cartoons.

A solitary unwatched television blares pornography, in
which a woman screams and screams. None of the kids
make any move to recognize the stranger in their midst.

A YOUNG BOY is coloring in a figure on the wall, which
is just a fragment of a larger mural that he has been
working on for days. The mural is a series of
hermaphroditic characters who appear to be living in
the shadow of a great and terrible mountain. The
mountain's jagged edges graduate to a horizon of
buildings, creating a sort of Henry Darger-like work.

The kids turn and sees George studying the mural.

BOY

Guatemala es aqui. Mountains.
This is where they make the
auto... and this is the city.
(pointing out the
airplane)

This is where we are. This is
what we are.

He points out each part of the drawing on the wall and
tells George about it solemnly. George shows him the
photo.

GEORGE

BOY

Yes... she is my friend.

The kid points out a GIRL FIGURE on the wall with the same color hair. The kid has apparently chronicled all the people who have come through. The girl on the wall is screaming.

GEORGE

What's her name?

BOY

Don't know.

GEORGE

Does she live here?

BOY

When she isn't, how you say... popular.

The kid fishes a piece of newspaper from next to his mat and holds an ad up for George to see. George nods, gets to his feet and leaves the kids.

124 CLOSE UP - NEWSPAPER AD

124

From a LATIN AMERICA NEWSPAPER, it reads:

"NEW BRIDGE TRAVEL! OPPORTUNITES DE AMERICA!"

125 INT. CHECKER CAB - OUTSIDE - AIRPORT - LATER

125

George picks Simone up from the airport.

SIMONE

So? Did you go?

GEORGE

Yeah.

SIMONE

And?

GEORGE

It's... they keep them in this basement. They're just down there, like kept down there.

SIMONE

What do they look like?

GEORGE

Just little fucking kids...

George tears up, tries to shake it off.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
They're in there like slaves...
I saw a boy, he said he knew
her. Said she was his friend...

Simone tries to hug him a little and George fights to
keep the car straight through the tears.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
How was the Arabian nights?

Simone passes him a laptop computer.

126 INT. NEW BRIDGE TRAVEL AGENCY - LATER 126

George stalks in through the front doors of the agency
carrying two laptops and makes a beeline right to
Mortlock's office.

127 INT. NEW BRIDGE - MORTLOCK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 127

Mortlock and Dudley are there when George busts in.

MORTLOCK
What did you get?

George hands over the Arab's laptop.

GEORGE
I can't even look at it. It's
all in Arab.

Then George tosses Dudley his laptop computer.

DUDLEY
Watch it!

George clears.

128 INT. CHECKER CAB - MOVING - BROOKLYN - AFTERNOON 128

It's a nice day in Brooklyn and the sun is out. The
traffic is mild and George and Shelley are taking a
ride.

SHELLEY
What do you do?

GEORGE
I don't.

SHELLEY
Then where you getting money?

GEORGE
That's not something little
girls have to worry about.

SHELLEY

GEORGE
From behind my ear.

SHELLY
Come on.

He reaches over and pulls a hundred dollar bill from behind her ear and gives it to her.

GEORGE
You got it too. Family trait.

Shelly shrieks at the money.

SHELLEY
Thanks, dad.

He kisses her on the cheek.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
Are you still a bad person?

GEORGE
That's not for me to say.

SHELLEY
You *have* to be the one to say.

The phone RINGS.

MORTLOCK (V.O.)
George get your ass over here
right now there's big trouble.

129 EXT. MORTLOCK'S HOUSE - LATER 129

The Checker pulls up and parks. George hurries to the front door.

130 INT. MORTLOCK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 130

George is greeted at the door by Mortlock.

MORTLOCK
Here he is!

GEORGE
I came soon as I could.

EVERYONE
Surprise!

George realizes that there is a whole slew of people he hasn't seen in years gathered there. He's stunned. Old friends come forward and give a hand shake and a hug, someone forces a glass of Scotch.

MORTLOCK
The man of the hour!

Mortlock leads George out of the crowd.

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)
Boys, I'll bring him back in a
sec...

GEORGE
Did you see Cuban Louie? Damn,
he's getting old...

MORTLOCK
We all are. I want you to meet
some friends of ours, George.

Mortlock escorts George into the company of some well
heeled men gathered there. Mortlock points out to
George a man in the middle with a full head of white
hair. WHITEY puts a hand out, grabs George's hand and
gives it three solid pumps.

WHITEY
George, good to finally meet
you.
(sotto)
I heard you're a stand-up kind
of guy.

George goes to shake hands with the other two guys
flanking Whitey, but soon realizes that they're
BODYGUARDS.

MORTLOCK
Did twelve years in Clinton for
me and didn't piss a drop.

WHITEY
I also understand you're running
a whore that can fuck the
varnish off the furniture.

MORTLOCK
Nice girl, strong... strongest
piece of ass we got.

WHITEY
She makes great evidence.

And the boys toast all around.

MORTLOCK
To Saud!

WHITEY
Sold his soul for a strap-on!

They drink in unison, pour another round of drinks.
Then another. On the second round they toast.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

ALL

To George.

131 INT. MORTLOCK'S HOUSE - LATER

131

The party is peppered with expensive women who sit and mingle with these men.

George is leaning on a AMERASIAN GIRL as she works the kinks out of his back. Suddenly the massage is interrupted by Dudley who is stumbling around drunk.

When Dudley realizes it's George he's bumped into, he decides that this is the time to bury the hatchet.

DUDLEY

Well George, looks like big things are about to happen for you here.

GEORGE

Fuck off, Dudley.

DUDLEY

Why don't you like me, bud?

George tenses up and shakes the back rub off, focusing his sudden wrath at Dudley.

GEORGE

Because I never liked you, Dudley, even when we were kids. You were always just mouthing bullshit and kissing ass. Now kiss my ass and go get me another drink before I fuck you up, you fucking prick.

Dudley bounces away and pulls Mortlock aside for a quick conference. After a beat, Mortlock nods and Dudley moves off. Mortlock buttonholes George with an arm over his shoulder.

MORTLOCK

Jesus, George, you need to relax. You need to take a little break.

GEORGE

I need to take a break? You take a break. Fuck Dudley.

MORTLOCK

I will take a break. In fact, George, because I love you so much, I'm going to let you take the first break because I know you haven't had any in a while.

GEORGE

Any what?

MORTLOCK

You didn't think we brought
these beautiful ladies in just
for the back rubs did you,
George?

George's anger dissipates.

GEORGE

What are you talking about?

MORTLOCK

I'm talking about you need some
pussy, George -- on me.

Mortlock gestures to a lady behind the curtain. George
smiles and stumbles into the dark room as Dudley comes
up and stands next to Mortlock.

DUDLEY

Think that'll chill him out?
Because really I don't know how
much more shit I can take off of
him, Liesel. I'm about to jack
his fucking jaw.

MORTLOCK

Don't worry. I know what he
likes.

132

INT. MORTLOCK HOUSE - DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

132

In the sudden BLACK, George can't make out what's going
on, but soon he's being kissed by a girl in the dark.

Under the cover of darkness, he falls on her without
further preamble and they go at it.

George gives out a giggle at how fast it's all over.

GEORGE

Well. Guess I'm still normal.

The girl lights two cigarettes and hands him one.

In the flickering LIGHTER FLAME, George sees that the
girl he just fucked was the ECUADORIAN GIRL he took
from the plane who was worried about Michael Jackson.

George lets the lighter burn out to darkness.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Jesus christ...

Stumbling from the house, George swigs from a bottle of whiskey and tries to wash his mouth out with it. Mortlock is just behind him.

MORTLOCK

George, hey George -- how was it?

GEORGE

... thirteen fucking years old?

George snaps out of his posture and suddenly has Mortlock in a headlock and is choking him out.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Why did you do that, Mortlock, you fucking perv!

MORTLOCK

I'm no perv -- I like full grown women thank you very much...

GEORGE

So do I, you fuck!

George lets Mortlock up just enough to let him speak.

MORTLOCK

That's not what your computer says! I look through your computer history, all I see is runaway teen and kiddie porn!

GEORGE

What the fuck are you talking about?

MORTLOCK

See George, one man's trash is another man's gold. That's what we do, man!

With Mortlock sufficiently choked out, George gets his phone out and shows Mortlock the picture of May.

GEORGE

You know this girl?

Mortlock looks at the picture and nods dully.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Where is she?

MORTLOCK

You've been there.

George puts Mortlock to sleep with a flexing of his bicep against Mortlock's throat and drops Mortlock to the pavement. He then gets in the Checker and drives away.

Through the big bay window which overlooks the driveway, we can see Anderson the Pimp, inside Mortlock's house, pouring himself a drink and hobnobbing with Whitey.

134 INT. CHECKER CAB - CONTINUOUS 134

George tries to wipe himself off best he can.

GEORGE
Jesus fucking christ...

He angrily tears the rearview mirror off the windshield and throws it into the road.

135 CLOSE UP - REARVIEW MIRROR - CONTINUOUS 135

The mirror breaks on the road. Seven years of bad luck.

136 INT. CHECKER CAB - CONTINUOUS 136

George is jabbing at the phone, trying to place a call.

137 INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - OUTSIDE ROOM NUMBER 444 - NIGHT 137

George beats on the door.

138 INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - ROOM NUMBER 444 138

A Fat Man in his underwear comes to the door and opens it a little to see who's knocking, keeping his foot in the door.

But his bare foot is no match for the brute force of George charging into the door, which pinches the man's foot and makes him pull his foot away in pain.

FAT MAN
Hey!

George takes this opportunity to overrun the Fat Man and he pushes his way into the room to see Simone hog-tied to the four poster bed, ball gag in her mouth.

FAT MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I thought you said you were
respectable, you cunt!

George, enraged, backhands the Fat Man hard as he can, then again. The Fat Man makes no move to protect himself, cowering while George continues to slap him. Simone unleashes muffled screams from under the ball gag.

The Fat Man squeals a high giggle, which pisses George off. George takes the Fat Man by his ear and turns it hard.

SIMONE

George, goddamn it! Stop it!

George walks The Fat Man back through the door and throws him out into the hotel hall.

GEORGE

We got to talk.

He goes and loosens her from the ropes which bind her to the posts of the bed and takes the ball gag out of her mouth. Simone is furious.

SIMONE

You just had to come see for yourself, didn't you?

George works at the knots fast as he can as the Fat Man bangs on the door outside.

GEORGE

I found her.

They are disheveled and breathing hard as the elevator takes them down.

GEORGE

What the fuck were you doing in there?

SIMONE

What do you think it means to be a fucking whore, George?

GEORGE

I always wondered what a beautiful girl was doing with these losers.

SIMONE

Well, now you figured it out, genius.

He grabs her and shakes her.

GEORGE

Look -- you better turn the meter off when you're with me! I'm not one of your guys, get it?

140 INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

140

The elevator doors open waiting at the door is the same security guard with his mustache and earpiece.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me, sir... ma'am...

George and Simone step up the pace but it's a lot of floor from the elevator to the door. The CONCIERGE jumps in front of them as they try to make it to the exit without running.

CONCIERGE

Excuse me...

SIMONE

Stay with me!

SECURITY GUARD

Grab the case, Stu. Lady, I'm talking to you...

The guard tries to collar George, but George head-butts him real quick. The guard falls down and George steps over him as he struggles on the floor.

The Concierge tries to be a hero and steal Simone's handbag, but Simone's sprays him down with MACE. He falls to the floor clutching his face and moaning.

There is a swelling of commotion from the tourists in the lobby as George boots him one for good measure and they bust out of there fast as they can.

141 EXT. QUEENS - SIMONE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

141

George parks in front of the apartment building.

SIMONE

Let me get my money and we're gone. I'm retiring tonight, George.

She's in such a hurry that she fails to see her beloved photo booth picture of MAY grinning up from a dirty puddle by the side of the road.

142 INT. SIMONE'S BUILDING - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

142

They ride up in silence.

SIMONE

I'm quitting the whole life. I'm going to get May and then I quit.

143 INT. SIMONE'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

143

Simone walks in and goes to put the keys on the table beside the door but instead drops them on the floor.

SIMONE

What the...

She turns on the light and looks around her place. It's been stripped bare.

Nothing is left in the whole apartment, not even the throw rug, not her picture albums... nothing.

Simone lets a scream out.

George watches as she runs through the place tearing at the cabinets, revealing that all is lost.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

No! Jesus, no!

George looks through the place and sees a pack of Kools discarded by the window sill, and three cigarettes mashed out onto it. Simone's phone RINGS and she answers it.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Hello?

Simone listens intently for a beat and then hangs up.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

We've got to get the out of here.

GEORGE

Who was that?

SIMONE

Anderson.

Outside the elevator door opens.

GEORGE

What did he say?

SIMONE

He said he was going to kill you and me both. He said there's no place we could go...

George grabs the towel rack from the bathroom wall and hefts it like a cudgel and waits behind the door as we hear FOOTSTEPS come running up the hall.

George cocks the stick back and waits until the footsteps get close enough, then he steps out to smash the intruder with his towel rod...

.. but it turns out to just be a TEENAGE BOY with a skateboard running home late from a night out, so intent on getting back home that he doesn't notice George with his stick. George and Simone watch as the kid opens the door to his apartment, totally oblivious to them.

George and Simone creep down the hall.

GEORGE

Is there any other way out?

Simone's phone rings again and startles them.

SIMONE

It's him again.

GEORGE

Don't answer it. Turn it off.

Simone turns the mute on. They creep down the staircase step by step, every noise and echo making them jump.

145 INT. CHECKER CAB - OUTSIDE SIMONE'S BUILDING - MOMENTS 145
LATER

George and Simone get in the front seat of the cab. George stashes his club and takes the his .25 out from its place under the visor, and wastes no time starting the cab and pulling away. As he does, he checks the rearview mirror... which isn't there.

SIMONE

(hysterical)

He knows where I live, he's got my phone number. What the fuck am I gonna do?

GEORGE

Call him back.

SIMONE

What for?

GEORGE

I want to talk to that motherfucker.

Simone jabs at the phone, makes it dial and then hands the phone over to George.

A phone RINGS in the cab. Simone lets out a moan.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Phone's ringing.

Simone shakes her head.

SIMONE

(weakly;
whispering)

It's not my phone.

From the back, Anderson suddenly lays his razor across George's ear, but because George is on the cellphone Anderson manages to slice George's ear nearly in half.

George slams on the brakes and Anderson is thrown almost into the front seat.

Simone starts working on him with her nails but Anderson comes up slashing again, so George steps on the gas and the pimp falls back in the back of the cab.

George shuts the window which separates him from the back of the cab and locks it.

A SHOT rings out but the Plexiglas holds the bullet nicely.

George swerves and drives like a maniac to keep Anderson off balance.

Foam comes out as bullets pass through the seat, and SHOTS ring out one two three...

George drives through an intersection, just missing three cars which cross just in front of him.

The Checker hits the next street and bounces high...

146

EXT. CHECKER CAB - CONTINUOUS

146

A red light and a wall of rushing traffic force the cab to stop. The back door of the cab opens, and Anderson gets out and beats on the window with his pistol as he tries to load.

George shoots out the passenger side window and Anderson runs.

For a beat George and Simone sit and try to catch their breaths. George's ear is bleeding profusely, so he grabs a nearby rag and holds it on the ear to staunch the flow. He stomps on the gas and gets out of there.

147

EXT. THOMAS'S GARAGE - LATER

147

Thomas is asleep and barely stirs for the dogs who are barking and tearing at the tires of George's car.

As George gets out, holding the rag to his ear and yelling for them to shut up, Thomas finally wakes up and comes out, calming the dogs. George opens the door for Simone and leads her out.

THOMAS

GEORGE
They're not, but that's a good
thing. Simone, this is my
oldest friend Thomas.

THOMAS
Simone.

SIMONE
Hi Thomas.

THOMAS
What happened to your ear?

GEORGE
Long fucking story.

They walk toward the garage.

THOMAS
(to Simone)
I hope you can bring to this
place a much needed woman's
touch.

He kicks at a set of shorn tires which lay at his feet.

GEORGE
Anything strange happen around
here tonight?

THOMAS
I think that mama rat is
pregnant. We got to do that
thing with the box.

They enter the garage.

148 INT. THOMAS'S GARAGE - LATER

148

Simone is sitting with a blanket wrapped around her,
barely holding it together as Thomas deftly finishes
stitching up George's ear and bandaging it.

SIMONE
George... what am I going to do?

Outside the cat cries. Simone is terrified.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
What was that?

GEORGE
That's Circle Kitty.

SIMONE
What?

GEORGE
Thomas, tell Simone about Circle
Kitty. I'll be back.

George exits.

149 EXT. CHECKER CAB - MOVING - DAWN 149

The cab races into New Jersey as night turns to day...

150 EXT. RIDGEFIELD HOUSE - LATER 150

George charges up to the front door and knocks on it.

151 INT. RIDGEFIELD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 151

The Mexican woman recognizes George and has just enough time to smile before she is punched in her mouth. She's knocked right out on the floor, cigarette still smoldering.

George steps over her, does a quick check of the first floor and sees that he's alone.

152 INT. RIDGEFIELD HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 152

He opens the door at the top of the stairs and heads down the stairs into the basement.

On the way down he finds a happy mouse mask, and the Michael Jackson glove the Ecuadorian kid was wearing when she got off the plane.

He trips over an empty box that reads: ONE GROSS OF CONDOMS. There are two other grosses of condoms and a couple of industrial size boxes of KY jelly along the wall. George stops and reads the wall:

"TODO POR NADA" (all for nothing)

When he gets down to the basement, he sees the same bunch of listless kids sitting on mats in the semi-darkness.

The YOUNG BOY is finishing off a sun on the mountain range mural on the wall. The kids see George but don't react, just stare at him as he goes through them, looking into each of their faces until he gets to a girl that looks like the girl in his cell phone. It's MAY.

MAY
When do you think they're going
to let us out of here, mister?

GEORGE
We can leave right now.

Mav tries to get to her feet.

MAY

Sorry... it's always hard for me
to walk after dinner.

GEORGE

That's okay. Here, take my hand.

He helps her up from the floor; she's so thin that she
pulls right up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You're cold.

MAY

You're sweaty.

153 INT. RIDGEFIELD HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 153

George re-emerges from the basement, takes May and
sidles down the wall and out into the morning light.

154 EXT. RIDGEFIELD HOUSE - YARD - CONTINUOUS 154

The light of the sun blinds May as she hasn't been out
in weeks. Her legs buckle and her head drops; George
has to drag her through the sprinkler on the way to the
car.

When the water hits her she gives a great gasp like
someone who's just come back from drowning. It's loud
enough to get the Mexican woman to perk up and see
George running off with the girl. She grabs the phone.

155 INT. CHECKER CAB - LATER 155

May is high and babbling a child's song.

MAY

Susie had a steamboat, the
steamboat had a bell, the
steamboat went to heaven,
Miss Susie went to Hell.
Oh operator, give me number nine
and if you disconnect me, I'll
cut off your behind... the
fridgerator there was a piece of
glass, Miss Susie went on back
there and cut her little ass...

GEORGE

What were they doing to you?

MAY

... me no more questions, I'll
tell you no more lies, the boys
are in the bathroom zipping up
their flies...

GEORGE

MAY

... are in the country, the bees
are in the park, Susie and her
boyfriend are fucking in the
dark...

GEORGE

Bad language.

MAY

... as the ocean, darker than
the ocean, darker than the sea,
darker than the naked boys
chasing after me...

GEORGE

I never heard this version.

MAY

... I know my Mama, me I know my
Pa, me I know my sister with the
forty acre bra... ... Colli is
real good for me, and carrots
help me see, and if you do not
like them, you can just go
pee... pel are so stupid they
eat a lot of soup...

A bowl of soup slides in front of George. May pours
sugar onto a bowl of frosted flakes and then the same
amount of sugar into her coffee cup.

She eats the cereal. The carton of milk has a picture
of a girl that looks just like Simone at the beginning
of the movie. I reads: "MISSING -- REWARD -- HAVE YOU
SEEN THIS GIRL?"

GEORGE

Where are you from?

MAY

I come from a family... they
don't love me because I'm
already a whore. If you tell
them about me they'll be killed.
(pause)

Let me go back to the basement
with the others. It's nice there
until there door opens and they
take someone away.

GEORGE

No way.

She eats her ice cream.

MAY

They're probably killing my
brothers right now.

GEORGE

Who's going to do that?

MAY

Men.

She shrugs. Through the window they see Thomas pull up
with Simone on the back of the Kawasaki.

MAY (CONT'D)

Not *her* again.

157

EXT. THE DINER - MOMENTS LATER

157

The Kawasaki is still puttering and Thomas revs it.
Simone goes into the diner while George stays with his
buddy.

GEORGE

Thanks for bringing her out
here.

THOMAS

She looks good on the back of
this bike, eh?

GEORGE

You were right about Mortlock.

Thomas just nods.

THOMAS

So what you going to do now?

GEORGE

Go up north, hide out.

Every time a car goes by George ducks a little.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We shouldn't be out in the open
like this. Those guys got people
everywhere.

THOMAS

George, maybe we need to go on a
long fishing trip. Just you and
me.

GEORGE

That sounds like jail, Thomas.
No offence.

THOMAS

We could get some girls.

GEORGE

I don't want some girls.

THOMAS

She ain't worth it.

GEORGE

You give shit worth by looking after it.

THOMAS

All right then, George. Just remember: no good deed goes unpunished.

Thomas waves and peels out of the Diner parking lot.

George looks at a poster on Diner wall that says: FREE CELLULAR PHONE WITH PICTURE CAPABILITIES. He takes his phone out and realizes that Thomas was right, they are giving those things away for free.

158

EXT. POND - UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

158

George pulls the cab over at a pond full of decoy ducks. He pulls the pistol out from under the visor and he and Simone exit the cab, May asleep in the back seat.

GEORGE

Better make sure... you know how to shoot?

George holds the pistol, rocks the hammer back and tests the gun against the decoy ducks. He fires.

One of the plastic ducks flops over from the impact and then rights itself.

SIMONE

Sure. I mean I've seen it on TV.

GEORGE

Just because you saw something doesn't mean you did it.

He takes her in his arms and shows her how to shoot.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

This here is single action, so you got to pull the hammer back with your thumb like this. You can't just grab the trigger and go. You got to cock the bastard with your thumb like so...

With her hand in his, he blasts another shot at the decoy ducks on the pond. Simone turns her head and kisses him.

SIMONE

George... thank you.

GEORGE

I want to do this. You know?

She nods. George hands the pistol over to her. She levels it at the lake full of decoys.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That's right. Don't ever point it something you don't mean to kill. Now cock it back with your thumb, that's right, now grab that trigger...

And in Simone's trembling hands the gun goes off. As the echo rings off the lake, two REAL DUCKS fly out from in between the decoys and take flight.

George and Simone laugh until they hear May struggling.

159

INT. CHECKER CAB - CONTINUOUS

159

George and Simone peer into the cab see that May is convulsing in the back seat, foaming at the mouth and gnashing her teeth.

Simone gets in and works the end of her belt into May's mouth.

GEORGE

What's happening?

SIMONE

She gets crazy fits.

GEORGE

We can't go across the border with her acting like that. Even if it is just into Canada.

SIMONE

All she needs is some medicine. I've got a script.

160

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - LUXURY HOTEL -DAY

160

The Checker pulls up and the valet takes the car. George fishes out a tip and fails to notice as May almost walks into traffic. He quickly grabs her and the three of them enter the hotel.

161

INT. NIAGARA FALLS - LUXURY HOTEL - HONEYMOON SUITE -
LATER

161

May keeps seizing up on the heart-shaped bed as George and Simone watch, concerned.

SIMONE

Go. Get the medicine.

She gives a prescription to George. He holds out the gun to her.

GEORGE

You take the gun.

She takes it, but her eyes are transfixed on May, and this is not lost on George.

162 INT. NIAGARA FALLS - LUXURY HOTEL - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 162

As George descends the stairs, he's deep in thought. The way Simone was looking at May has made an impact on him on him.

163 EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - MOMENTS LATER 163

George drives through the streets, the great Falls in the b.g.

164 INT. NIAGARA FALLS - LUXURY HOTEL ROOM - LATER 164

When George gets back to the room he notices that the door is slightly ajar, which isn't how he left it. He pads in the room quiet as a spider.

George sneaks into the main bedroom to find Simone and May entwined a lover's embrace.

The sight of the two kissing deeply throws him off, and he stands frozen for a second, then regains his cool and quietly goes into the living room of the suite.

165 INT. LUXURY HOTEL ROOM - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 165

George is drinking the whole mini bar resolutely and staring out the window. Simone enters.

SIMONE

You're back.

GEORGE

Yeah. The medicine's on the table.

She comes and works his shoulders.

SIMONE

You're tense.

GEORGE

Just stop.

He takes her hands, turns on her and grips and shakes her.

SIMONE

What?

GEORGE

This is all a little too
perfect, don't you think?

SIMONE

I don't know what you're talking
about.

GEORGE

(angry)
You don't?

SIMONE

Come on George, not so loud.

GEORGE

Let's go for a walk.

166

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - UPPER OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

166

At the top of the falls there is an observation deck
where visitors gaze down at the place where the river
bends before it breaks into free fall.

From this vantage point, the roar of millions of
gallons of water crashing into the rocks is hushed, and
the only hint of violence below is the fine mist which
billows up with great force, making so many rainbows --
all of which make this a very romantic spot. All along
the rails Japanese couples are holding hands and
smooching.

Simone studies the mist, leans back from the rail and
strolls down the wooden walkway to see where the water
roars.

GEORGE

Well, it's no Tahiti.

He squints at the sun through the shifting mist, then
puts his arm around her and leans on her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What's wrong with me?

He spins her around trying to kiss her, but only
manages to jostle a couple getting their picture taken.

Not taking no for an answer, he grabs her arm and
forces her to walk with him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Come on sugar, let's have some
fun, you know? Like when men
and women walk arm in arm and --
give me a little kiss. you know.

He tries to kiss her again but she doesn't respond.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
... because they love each other
and they get married so they can
love each other more. They have
a little baby, and fights with
the fucking mother in law...

George buys some flowers from a man selling them at the foot of the deck and hands them to Simone, who ignores them. George then takes her forcefully and tries to hug her tight, but she remains rigid and pushes his face away with her hands.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What is it? What's missing?

She says nothing. George takes the bouquet of flowers and throws it into the falls.

167 EXT. FALLS - LOWER OBSERVATION DECK - MOMENTS LATER 167

At the lower deck the scene is different. Here, the mist and wind whip off the water with such force you have to yell to be heard over it.

GEORGE
Answer me! I said what's
missing?

SIMONE
Whatever was missing, it's still
gone!

He tries to kiss her again, again she turns her head.

GEORGE
Can't you just fake it? What --
I'm not good enough to fake it
for? I'm not fat enough? Not
rich enough? What?

She runs from the lower deck but George blocks her from ascending the stairs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I want to know -- what is it?

Simone shakes him off and ducks into the entrance to the Niagara Falls tunnels.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Simone -- talk to me!

He follows Simone into the tunnels which are carved into the living rock. As soon as he does, we see Dudley run up and peer into the tunnel before he makes a cellphone call.

168 INT. NIAGARA FALLS TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER 168

It's dark inside the tunnel and George slips once or twice, trying to keep up with Simone.

George is impeded by an ugly American family skipping from rock to rock trying to keep their sneakers clean.

169 INT. NIAGARA FALLS - STAIRS TO THE BACK OF THE 169
OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

George finally gets a hold of her at the bottom of the stairs and stops her. It's dank and dark, full of echoes.

GEORGE

What about that three percent
shit?

Simone shrugs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What was that night, then?

SIMONE

Like I told you before... I'm a
whore, George.

George slaps Simone and shakes her.

GEORGE

Stop saying that! I won't
listen to it!

Simone cries miserably.

SIMONE

It's the truth..

He hugs her close, as a couple pass wearing yellow raincoats.

GEORGE

You like her, huh? I mean, you
really like her?

SIMONE

I love her.

Laughter wells up in George and overtakes him, Simone looks up from her sobbing.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

What's so funny about that?

GEORGE

I've sold myself out for a
couple of dykes.

SIMONE

She needs me.

GEORGE

And you needed me to get her.

SIMONE

You ever need someone?

Now George has to shrug into sobbing.

GEORGE

(barely choking it
out)

All the time...

She takes his hand and leads him into...

170

INT. TUNNEL BEHIND THE FALLS - THE IMPACT ROOM

170

Under Niagara Falls is a chamber which looks out to where the sheeting water of Niagara meets the rocks. This room is very loud, and the air inside shifts with the force of the maelstrom.

George hugs Simone close and screams as loud as he can over the roar.

GEORGE

PLEASE BABY... I'LL TAKE CARE OF
YOU!

SIMONE

I'LL TAKE CARE OF ME!

GEORGE

I'M THE BEST DEAL YOU'LL EVER
MAKE...

From the dark tunnel behind George, Anderson the Pimp and Dudley appear just behind him.

SIMONE

GEORGE, LOOK OUT!

George sees that she's reacting to what's behind him so he ducks down low and backs up, colliding with the legs of Anderson, who was creeping up behind him with bad intentions.

George spins and steps on Anderson real quick, stomping him out until Dudley jumps up and lands a cheap shot right on George's bad ear. Angrily, George starts clubbing him over the head so that Dudley ducks down... right into George's knee.

The sudden jolt of the knee in his face knocks Dudley cold. George throws his limp form onto Anderson, who is curled up in a fetal position. George boots at both

SIMONE (CONT'D)

What about May?

They both take heel and run to the hotel.

171 INT. NIAGARA FALLS - LUXURY HOTEL - STAIRS - MOMENTS 171
LATER

They race up the stairs and toward the room.

172 INT. NIAGARA FALLS - HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 172

They enter to find Mortlock there, petting the pitbull puppy and eating from the heart-shaped box of chocolates that came with the room. The box reads "LOVE".

George bends over and tries to catch his breath.

Mortlock puts a finger to his lips like "hush, you might wake her" and points to May sleeping peacefully on the bed.

GEORGE

You like the dog?

Mortlock spits a chocolate which doesn't meet his taste out on the floor.

MORTLOCK

Know what they say about pets?

He reveals a gun and gestures with it conversationally.

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)

Pets die too soon... people not soon enough.

GEORGE

It's a problem.

MORTLOCK

Not really.

He sits on the arm of a chair, holding the gun.

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)

You're a hard man to warn, George.

GEORGE

I get that a lot. "Hardheaded" is how they called it in the joint.

MORTLOCK

I fucking hate dogs. They represent everything that I hate about people. Servile. fawning

George reaches for the dog.

GEORGE
I'll take him back if you
want...
What did you name him?

MORTLOCK
George.

Mortlock suddenly kicks the dog out of the way and the
dog gives a yelp.

GEORGE
Mortlock... maybe we could just
forget the whole thing ever went
down.

Mortlock strolls the room.

MORTLOCK
Hell, George, When you pulled
that Arab gag so quick and clean
I was scared for my own ass...
but you chucked it all away for
a dirty fucking whore. Damaged
goods. Now *that* is perverted...
I mean christ George, you got a
kid.

GEORGE
Okay. So I'm retired.

MORTLOCK
It's not that easy.

Mortlock points at the nearby Simone emphatically
enough that she flinches.

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)
Don't worry about me, Missy. I
would never hit a lady...
(he backhands her)
...or kick a lady...
(he kicks her)
But I'm going to get your pimp
to choke you until you feel
better.

Just then, Anderson enters... as Mortlock's diatribe is
interrupted by the sight of George's .25 Pistol in the
trembling hands of Simone. There's a second of silence
as the presence of the gun sinks in before Mortlock
screams...

MORTLOCK (CONT'D)
Look out! She's got a gun!

Anderson hides behind Mortlock and holds him like a

Simone levels the .25 and shoots down the middle, hitting Mortlock square in the belly, but a .25 bullet isn't very big and it passes easily through Mortlock's guts and into Anderson behind him.

Mortlock and Anderson fall to the floor and begin flopping around, clutching their bellies.

Simone goes and steps on Anderson, then shoots again him in the guts.

SIMONE

Hurts, don't it?

Simone digs the heel of her shoe into the struggling man's midsection until blood forcefully burbles from his mouth. She shoots him again.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

After awhile, you won't feel a thing.

Anderson struggles around for a beat

GEORGE

Jesus, just kill him!

She turns the pistol on George automatically.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Whoa!

She pulls the trigger and the hammer falls with a snap.

George tackles her to the floor and wraps her up in a headlock so she can't move, and he grabs the gun. He looks into her eyes, trying to connect.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Why? Why?

He squeezes Simone's neck like he's going to choke her, but the anger goes from him and he drops her to the floor. George looks around and gets his wits about him. He sees:

- Anderson bleeding his life out all over the carpet.
- Mortlock trying to shoo the pitbull out from a pool of his blood as he gasps out his final breaths.
- May heaving and shuddering on the bed.
- Simone in a heap, crying.

George walks outside alone, and first thing he sees is a wedding car festooned with cans.

George looks at a sign in the window, then walks on.
As he clears, we hold on the sign which reads:

"AIN'T LIFE GRAND"

FADE OUT.